

VERSES *by*
the WAY

JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON

FOURTH SERIES

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VERSES BY THE WAY

THE TRUSTFUL SERVANT

HE called me to this life, I know not why,
I only know He gave me health, and will
To show forth love for those who suffer ill,
That I might carry out His purpose high.

Baptized as His, and eating of His Feast,
I know He loves me, and will safe provide,
That through all dangers I shall have a Guide,
Though of His servants, I am last and least.
Both in the crowded street and prison cell,
In homes of want, at pleading touch of pain,
I see His power to conquer and sustain,
Whose seamless robe can still make all things
well.

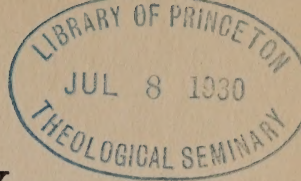
When earth's day ends: when night comes on
apace,

I trust that I shall see Him face to face.

—James Henry Darlington.



THE TRUSTFUL SERVANT



Verses By The Way

FOURTH SERIES

By
JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON

Bishop of Harrisburg

Forewords by

*Edwin Markham,
Sir Oliver Lodge, LL.D., F.R.S.,
Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, LL.D.*



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To
THE CLERGY AND LAITY
OF THE DIOCESE OF HARRISBURG
*On the Twenty-fifth Anniversary, April 26, 1930,
of my coming to them at their invitation to
be the first Bishop of the newly-formed
Diocese, April 26, 1905.*

A WORD FROM A FRIEND

MY friend, Bishop James Henry Darlington, comes now with his fourth book of *Verses by the Way*. These songs, written during intervals snatched from busy days and nights of work and travel, celebrate home and neighbor and the larger citizenship that reaches even into other lands and other times. But whatever theme the Bishop touches, he does not fail to show its moral bearing. He could say with Milton:

*"Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue: She alone is free.
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spherey chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."*

The Bishop is not of the school of writers who express themselves in the gray and violet nuances of indirection. He, like Pope, writes in the black and white of direct statement.

He always pleads for the primary rectitudes and verities, pleads for everyday kindliness,

truthfulness and honesty, for patience and perseverance in well-doing. This teacher understands the temptations and trials, the problems and possibilities common to humanity. So he comes asking a more inclusive human brotherliness toward all, as well as an individual bracing against careless self-indulgence and love of ease.

Bishop Darlington holds an ardent belief in the efficiency of love and prayer; as well as a fervent faith in the immanence of God as loving Father, and an ever-present Providence.

Besides this mystic strain, there is apparent in these pages a plain, practical Ben-Franklin savor of common sense lit by kindly humor. These dominant qualities are woven into all the pages of this volume.

Knowing the staying power given to memory by the beat of rhythm upon the brain, the Bishop casts his homely and wholesome truths into meter. He versifies ethical precept and proverb and parable in lines which are gnomic, succinct and persuasive. Sometimes he has an effective note of pathos, as in his ballad, *Only a Tramp*.

He is especially pleasing in his pages on nature, on children and on our lesser kinsfolk, the animals.

In the following poem, *Spiritual Realities*, he shows his regard for nature, the visible vesture of life, as well as for the deeper realities it veils:

*" Beyond the things of time and sense,
Life can its truth reveal:
Beyond the objects touched and seen,
Are potencies we feel.*

*" Some inner soul gives dignity
To all exalted things.
Spirit rules all we sense to be;
Our inmost thoughts have wings."*

The hosts of friends in the Bishop's far-reaching parish will doubtless welcome warmly this latest garnering of verse, as they have welcomed his three previous gleanings from the happy harvest of his years.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

*West New Brighton, N. Y.
October 28th, 1928.*

FOREWORD

WHEN a man is overflowing with love and goodwill to his fellow creatures, when he realizes the beauty and glory of existence, he naturally bursts into song as one way of relieving the tension of his soul. Such spontaneous poetic utterances can be the means of conveying to others some idea of what they, too, might perceive if their eyes were opened and their heart touched. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and it is evidently in the hope that simple verse may reach folk who might be repelled by sermonizing, that Bishop Darlington has set forth in this manner many aspects suggested by his views of life and love, his knowledge that mankind's fatal enemy is, after all, a releasing friend, and his assured conviction of the satisfying beauty of the Christian faith when freed from ecclesiastical overgrowths and presented in its pristine simplicity.

OLIVER LODGE.

*Normanton House,
Lake,
Salisbury, Eng.
October 29th, 1928.*

Hotel Gotham,
New York,
4th April, 1929.

My dear Bishop:

I have read your three volumes with sincere admiration. You have some qualities that brightly shine. Your love of nature is in all your verses, and it wins the heart tired with the stress of the world. I do not exaggerate when I say you have what Debussy has, the spirit of the sky, and trees, and birds, and waters, and wild animals, and I can respond to your vivid pictures of wild life as I respond to his.

Curiously enough the poem—or verse—which remains with me when I close the three volumes is *Little Jack and His Kite*. In that you had what Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley had, and I recall your *Little Jack and His Kite* as I recall, “*Well, Good-bye, Jim. Take care youself!*” It is that nearness to the inner spiritual life that remains, when bigger work fails to seize the soul. One poem that sinks into one human heart is well worth doing, and one of yours has sunk into mine!

Yours ever sincerely,
GILBERT PARKER.

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THE OLD AND THE NEW

SIR OLD TRUTH and Sir New Truth came
a-walking down the street,
These good friends look like rivals to many whom
they meet.

Some look upon Sir Old Truth as a friend both
wise and tried,
But hardly cast a glance upon Sir New Truth at
his side.

Some only see Sir New Truth with his pride and
learning too,
And think Sir Old Truth progress fears as haz-
ardous and new.

Good citizens of common sense keep both of them
in view,
Hold with Sir Old Truth to the past and learn
much from Sir New.

BROTHERHOOD

CHRIST gave the world a noble plan
For man to deal with brother man:
Equality, not alms, man's claim,
And brother-love his rightful aim.

THE MONKS OF ASSISI

ASSISI'S monks are twenty-four. Each one
performs his task,
All weariness of mind or soul hid as beneath a
mask.

When night comes on he asks himself on kneeling
down to pray:

"What worth-while things for God or man have
I performed to-day?"

Year after year as time goes on, and each has run
his race,

This searching-time is met and solved by those
who take his place.

May we not learn this lesson and always nightly
say:

"What worth-while deed for God or man have I
performed to-day?"

PEACE

UNIVERSAL right is the Christ taught plea,
Universal greed is its arch enemy.

All nations one blood says history,
All nations one fold speaks prophecy.

Sons of one Father must brethren be,
For Love is the sole law of amity.

THE LIVING CLOCK OF ASSISI

“**B**LOW out the taper and ring the bell. Another hour has passed.”

So through the day in vigil held each spake these words at last.

Together they worked, together they ate, lay cell by cell in sleep,

But each, in the hour he prayed with God, alone must his vigil keep.

So twenty-four monks thro' twenty-four hours knelt where the transepts crossed,

One of them prayed while others toiled with not a moment lost;

Throughout each day of twice twelve hours may our eyes be opened to see

That our souls hold for each moment of time responsibility.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF

THE worst of all lies is the lie to yourself,
As the worst of all thefts is self-robbing for pelf.
If you gain the whole world and lose your own soul,

You pay all you are, or may be, for your toll.

THE HIGHLANDS

SOME like best the sea and its islands:
I the forests and the highlands,
 Each with its valley and soft singing rill.
Ocean's motion invites to far travel,
Broad its beaches of sand and gravel,
 Restless, surging, never still.

God's peace dwells in the lofty mountains,
Their cool springs are green-rimmed fountains.
 Dark woods, silent, stately, still.
Every height to which you clamber
Gives far views of green and amber,
 Calls to vale, to crag or hill.

Ever the winds keep ocean moving,
Their power upon the waters proving,
 Even on brightest summer day.
Those who would true peace be gaining,
God's own promised "rest remaining"
 Bids to forests far away.

In the mountain's woodland center
Where no human voices enter,
 Nature's silence claims your best.

Where the wild birds nests are building,
When the sun the west is gilding,
Comes the call to peace and rest.

If you wish to change conditions,
Battling hard with strong ambitions,
Then on seashore choose to live.
But if you would shun life's worry,
Leave the constant noise and hurry,
Seek God's peace the highlands give.

TO THE RESCUE

THEY say she was pretty but that she was bad.
I did not believe this was just.
She was lively and quick, 'twas the way she had.
Why should that give cause for distrust?

Men boasted of favors from her received.
Do ever such cattle speak true?
Would you wish such words by people believed
If they spoke those same words of you?

She needs your help. Why not go to her now
And show you believe in her still?
You may make a friend who will last to life's end,
God bless you! I know that you will.

A ROMAN NIGHT

T HAT night in a Roman palace fair
A dance was at its height,
Wide walls were hung with tapestries,
Bright chandeliers gave light.
Proud women of great beauty talked
With men of high renown,
All families of rank were there
Who ever graced the town.

Native and foreign admirals,
Generals and many more,
For royalty had deigned that night
To grace the ballroom floor.
The music was the very best
That Italy could boast,
The supper served at midnight
Was a credit to the host.

The brilliant sight was colorful,
Yet my thoughts were far from gay
As I stepped through a window
And shut the scene away.
On a marble ledge alone I stood,
While darkness reigned around,
Above me silver moonlight,
Below the grassy ground.

The scent of blooming lilacs
Transported me away
To childhood's home in another land,
The garden of boyhood's play.
Lilac! my mother's chosen hue,
Her cherished, favorite flower,
How near she seemed to me that night
In the silent midnight hour!

The music echoed from afar,
There was no other sound,
And memory drew my thoughts away
From the fragrant scented ground.
The moon shone down, the stars were bright,
I was back a boy at home:
Then duty called, I stepped inside
To return again to Rome.

THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE POOR

TO the monks of Assisi
Life never was easy,
To the Brothers of Francis the Saint,
No feasting or drinking,
But hours spent in thinking,
And in fasting without complaint.

Not for self but for others,
Lived the poor Little Brothers,
Toiling hard each day of the week,
In service on Sunday,
Street preaching on Monday,
They spake as God told them to speak.

To gather a crowd
They would sing hymns aloud,
Till bystanders thought they were crazed.
They would lovingly preach
To all within reach,
Winning souls to new faith. God be praised!

Stern prelates were shocked
That no monks were unfrocked,
But sincerity won them support.
On corners and squares
They were loved for their prayers,
Opposition was powerless and short.

Through souls like Saint Francis
The whole world advances,
Man learns he is more than mere clod,
Giving strength to the dying,
New life glorifying,
They were true Little Brothers of God.

THE FARMER'S MARKET

AN act which greatly added to sage William
Penn's renown
Is that he gave four acres to every laid-out town,
Which, lying at its heart, must not be built upon
nor sold,
But kept for all the country folk, their meetings
there to hold.

Here July the Fourth, militia met with cannons
fired each year,
Here the civic Christmas tree is lit, police and
firemen near.
Thanksgiving proclamations and things the folk
should know
From yonder Court House steps are read as in
the long ago.

Here were posted voting notices, tax lists and
sheriff's sales,
The nation's call for volunteers; here the town's
own weighing scales.
But best of all the gatherings was the weekly
market day,
When the wagons with farm produce were lined
in long array.

On all sides, down the center, baskets stood and
tubs in rows,
For sale were flowers, grain, nuts, fruit, every
kind that grows.
Not only these but live stock: horses, cows, pigs,
goats and sheep,
Would neigh, low, squeal and bleat with voices
loud, and shrill, and deep.

Bronze turkeys, pigeons, geese and ducks with
guinea fowl and hens,
Would vocally protest against confinement in
their pens.
The dogs each week had furious fights which
stirred their masters' ire,
While mountebanks and peddlers called with
tongues which nought could tire:

Eggs, butter, cheeses, honey cakes, dried fruit
and salted fish;
Look through the market long enough and find
just what you wish.
Potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, beans, peas and
water cress,
Plums, doughnuts, peanuts, buttermilk, pear juice
from cider press,

Quaint patchwork quilts, rag carpets, socks, wool
mittens and hooked rugs,
And many household remedies, herbs used for
food and drugs.
Till lately flax and spinning-wheels contributed
their share,
Hams hickory-cured in small smoke houses
scented the fall air.

“For fifty cents eat all you want,” the tavern
signs proclaimed,
Of lusty rural appetites they then were not
ashamed.
Of meat two helpings, peas, beans, corn, apple
dumpling, deep baked pie;
Having eaten naught since dawn, it took much
food to satisfy.

When the town clock loudly had struck four, they
homeward went their way
Mindful of work which must be done before the
close of day.
When chores were finished, each and all had
many tales to tell
Of whom they met, and what they said, and what
their friends befell.

The village Church on Sunday, the market once
a week,
Brought neighbors close together, so friend to
friend could speak.
There are many great improvements; times are
better now than then,
But for farming life's good fellowship, market
days should come again.

AUTUMN HARVESTS

WHEN the farmer's crops are gathered in,
with fields stripped clean and bare,
Except where shocks of Indian corn are seen,
Then the hedges and dense woodlands that have
had no human care
Change their leaves to brighter colors than dull
green.

Early frosts are skilful painters and give every
leaf a hue,
No two are marked alike on any tree,
Sumachs red and birches yellow, maples gay in
color too,
Bronze oaks which shake their acorns far and
free.

Goldenrod and ragged sailors, bright wild phlox
and asters blue,
Lend beauty to the hedges far and wide
Which are rarely seen on highways as motors
hasten through,
But only where the speeders never ride.

By the pond the blue flag blossoms show: white
lilies fill the lake,
Persimmons and all nuts are gathered in,
Witch hazel which had failed in spring its flowery
chance to take
Now blooms at last before the snows begin.

White mushrooms like small tables set, tall ferns
and taller brakes,
Red holly berries gleam and purple grapes,
Green mosses and white lichens clothe the crags
like frosted cakes,
Leaves strewn on woodland aisles in varied
shapes.

Indian summer! apex of the year, the crown of
all the rest,
The joys of former days now all increase,
The spring breathes hope, summer has fruit,
but Autumn seems the best,
With grace and beauty symbolizing peace.

THE GIPSY CAMP

A GIPSY band came by one morn and camped
near father's farm,
All day I wished to visit them but was warned
they'd do me harm.
So at eve, with brother, hid in a hedge, to see
and not be seen,
Where their covered wagons half enclosed a
grassy sward of green.

In the centre blazed a roaring fire, and round on
every hand
On blankets, men, wives, children, sat the swarthy
gipsy band.
An iron pot was hung on chains above the crack-
ling blaze;
Guitars were strumming, children singing old-
world bedtime lays.

The scent of boiling coffee filled the grove and
made us thirst,
Then came the helping of it out, with the oldest
served the first.
The drinking cups were filled to the brim by boys
who went around,
And next from dippers, stew was poured into
bowls spread on the ground.

The meal was through in briefest time, kiddies
sent where they slept,
While the grown folk all smoked short clay pipes
and a brief silence kept.
Then the evening's fun began with a shout, and
songs and dances bright,
It seemed to us astonished lads they would keep
it up all night.

Guitars wers strumming, the old folks humming,
the boys and girls danced well,
With beauty of face and wildwood grace in a way
I cannot tell.
As a bird sings, as the flight of wings, they circled
in round dance,
As light as leaves these gipsy Eves, allured with
roguish glance.

So strangely dressed, with such spirit possessed,
they seemed to leap and fly,
With scarfs of red round each waist and head,
their abandon impressed each eye.
That gipsies steal children we had been told, and
wondered if these were they,
But 'twas long past ten, which seemed late then,
and we therefore slipped away.

They might dance all night till morning light,
until the first cock crew,
Their life in the wood seemed very good, just
what boys wish to do
In place of school, to fish trout pool, and to give
up books for brooks:
But the summer o'er, when blizzards roar, we
would miss warm fireside nooks.

It was good to roam, but better at home with
parents and loved ones dear,
With thought of snow, we would not go, a-gipsy-
ing all the year.
Yes, school's not bad for a healthful lad who
enjoys class games and fun,
An American boy, with his life full of joy, is of
all lads the fortunate one.

THE UNION JACK

A SONG

THE Union Jack, the Union Jack,
Four races merged in one,
No British honor it can lack,
For English, Irish, Welsh and Scotch
Are all keyed up to highest notch,
On wall and turret stand and watch,
They fear no shell, no gun.

The Scotchman is a canny lad,
The English staunch and brave,
The Irish boy is never sad,
The Welshman battles as he sings,
Each to the other courage brings,
Each to the world defiance flings,
It's victory, or the grave.

The Union Jack on land or sea,
Means justice, right and peace,
Means truth and faith and labor free,
Means education, brotherhood,
A chance to earn a livelihood,
Protection for the right and good,
Hail now! Its folds release!

EASTER DAY

EASTER day means life for dying,
Easter joy for tears and crying,
Easter blooms show spring's new life,
Where Death is vanquished in the strife.

Easter hymns are worth the singing,
Easter bells all gaily ringing,
Every soul at last set free,
Christ hath conquered gloriously.

Let our gifts this day be tendered,
Easter praises freely rendered,
For new sight to eyes long blind,
Hope of heaven to all mankind.

Easter hymns in happy chorus
Praise the Saviour risen before us
To the home beyond the skies,
Where with Him our souls shall rise.

Easter morn rolls back life's curtain,
Makes our resurrection certain,
Death is but a passing rest,
Then with Christ forever blest.

PREPARING GOD'S WAY

“**B**EHOLD I will send my messenger
Who shall prepare the way,”
So the last of the Hebrew prophets spake,
To point to Christ's own day.

John the Baptist was the first one sent,
The Forerunner of the Lord,
And next to him, in a lower sense,
Each one who Christ adored.

The chance was given each Hebrew youth
To haste Messiah's time,
To be a messenger of hope
To Jews of every clime.

This was the message preached by John:
"Make ready the way, beware!"
And the cry of the Church at Advent time
Is "Prepare, my soul, prepare!"

High in the steeples the bells ring out
And over the streets below,
While down in the Church the word is sung
To music tender and slow.

Each time we cheerfully give our best,
Our labor, prayer, or thought,
We are gathering stones for the King's highway
And Heaven is nearer brought.

It is given to each to add some stones
To build for the world's great needs,
A highway leads to the heavenly gates
Paved with unselfish deeds.

SPIRITUAL REALITIES

BEHIND the things of time and sense
Life can its truth reveal:
Beyond the objects touched and seen,
Are potencies we feel.

Each drop of water is a world
Of minute living things,
One day to them means years in time,
Falls, winters, summers, springs.

So every tree breathes consciousness
Of thirst and joy and pain,
The sap runs free of bark or earth
While leaves and roots drink rain.

In every insect passing by
Dwells love and zest of life,
And every bird with wings to fly
Seeks food or flees from strife.

A spirit permeates man's frame
To flesh and mind control,
And through the human medium speaks
To his immortal soul.

Some inner soul gives dignity
To all created things,
Spirit rules all we sense to be:
Our inmost thoughts have wings.

BE FAIR TO YOURSELF

N O matter what the reason
To doubt yourself is treason,
Trust yourself as you would trust another man.
Do not act with fatal blindness,
Direct your soul with kindness,
Help it grow and strengthen as it can.

If you should make a blunder
Sit not down and weep and wonder
Whether other people are as bad as you.
Every man has been mistaken,
You are not by God forsaken,
Forget your loss and start again anew.

There are tears as well as laughter,
But the flower of faith comes after,
If you try to do the very best you know.
Never mind the consequences,
The "whys," "wherefores" or the "whences,"
Pray for aid, dismiss the past and forward go.

To your neighbor's faults be blind,
To yourself be just and kind,
All blunders do not come from wrong intent.
Though you err through poor prevision
Try your best for right decision,
Keep your heart and mind both truly innocent.

THE ENSNARED ANGLER

WILL you not show me your fly-book, please?
Certainly, willingly, blue-eyed tease;
 If a friend in need
 Is a friend indeed,
Few are the trusty ones such as these.

Page after page, by rows in place,
Tempting for trout, for shiner and dace,
 The smaller the brook,
 The smaller the hook,
Larger ones here for the pond or millrace.

Brightest of reds, Parmachenee Belle,
Seth Green, that green one you like so well;
 Next Beaverkill,
 Beside it Cahill,
Two of the best as all anglers tell.

Black fly and gnat which bother your eyes;
Brown Hen and Stonefly oft good for a rise.
 Gray brown is Rube Wood
 Bluebottles are good;
White Miller best, when the summer day dies.

Coachman three kinds, the Red, White or Gray;
No better flies so the old anglers say.

Now Grizzly King,
Then Cowflies dark wing;
Shoemaker, Pal Green, Red Ibis so gay.

Queen of the waters, used most everywhere;
Whirling Dun turning around in the air.
Bright Yellow Spinner,
Oft a sure winner,
Professor, surely whole schools he'll ensnare!

Gray Drake beside it, as seer as an ember;
Alder, good from Spring to September.
Not yet Charming One,
The list is not done,
Though it is longer than you will remember.

On the next page are hackles, row after row,
These are the last that to you I can show.
Odd, hairy things
Without any wings,
But most tempting—the trout find them so.

* * * * *

But you need no instruction, I fear,
For landing large fish, Blue-eyes, dear.
The darts from your eyes
Catch more than our flies;
You are the wiliest fisherman here!

BABY'S HANDS

ONLY two tiny dimpled hands,
But they held a man from sin,,
Stronger were they than iron bands,
Two arms which shut him in.

Hot passion gripped him fiercely strong,
But two little hands in prayer
Begged God to keep Father safe from wrong
And the man withdrew from the snare.

Noble his love for that little child
Though honor was weak in the man,
Daily he thought how his baby smiled
And away from the sin he ran.

Some hands hold the cross and some the gun,
They differ from pole to pole,
But a greater battle never was won—
Those little hands saved a soul.

HOPE

THE sun shines as bright at its rising
As the hour when it sets in the West,
And the tints of tomorrow's sunrise
Will equal the evening's best.

How often we find that in living
The good that is here we forget;
But the pleasures already departed
Remember with fond regret.

The future may hold greater gladness
Than any the past has known,
Yet we fear it without good reason
And sigh for the happiness flown.

We cannot achieve by repining
And grieving can never bring good,
The present is all we are sure of,
We could crowd it with joy if we would.

Whatever the future may bring us,
Whatever of life we may see,
No evil can finally harm us,
God's love will protect you and me.

LOVE OUTLASTS ALL ELSE

LOVE lasts for ever,
Time cannot sever
Hearts truly fond which have kept loyal faith.
Although time has speeded,
Years pass unheeded,
Love laughs at age and lives after death.

Love is eternal,
Love is supernal,
Hating brings death to both body and brain.
Loving means blindness
To faults, and kindness
Ever on watch to avert others' pain.

Love urges giving,
The right kind of living,
Warm hearts draw friendship and comradeship,
too.
No matter what aileth
Love never faileth,
Love others truly and they will love you.

ETERNAL YOUTH

A NATURE that is always young,
A love for song and mirth,
Is worth a kingdom to the soul
And makes it king of earth.

A heart which from its poverty
Delights to give its mite,
Is by the tie of sympathy
Kept always glad and bright.

Yes, money, honor, knowledge, all
The things for which we fret,
Are never worth one half the cost
If striving, we forget

Manhood and character should be
The goal for which to strive,
For character's the lasting thing
That only will survive.

Not what we have but what we are
Is of supreme portent;
A noble soul, a humble mind,
Give peace and sweet content.

Good health, good friends, plain simple meals,
Something to save and give,
A heart that always prays with faith:
This is the way to live!

PROCRASTINATION

BE up and doing, men of soul!
Work hard and plan ye men of heart,
Ask God for opportunity
And when she comes make haste to start.

An act is better than a thought,
For acts are willed, most thoughts are not,
The act shows how the actor lives,
How much of brain or strength he's got.

To take our ease and wait a while
To dally, waver to and fro,
Makes us relinquish chances here,
And hope of heaven at last forego.

Whatever duty must be done,
Perform the task, exert your might,
This is no time to hesitate,
Trust all to God and do the right.

The present time is all we have,
In which to give, or fight, or pray,
If you have confidence in this,
Take up your work, do it TODAY!

ALL FOR HIM

Count Zinzendorf: "I have but one passion. It is He!
Only He!"

ALL things gladly give for Him:
He our Light and all else dim:
He the Life, the Truth, the Way,
He the Sun which makes our day:

He true God for us made man,
Sent through Love's eternal plan,
Now no more we hopeless plod,
Born again, the sons of God.
Only one petition pray
To be His and His away!

THE LORD'S DAY

CREATION was the greatest fact the mind of
men could grasp
Until Christ rose from out the grave and broke
death's fatal clasp.

Each Lord's Day now an Easter is and shares in
Easter joy
Pledge of our Easter yet to come, where death
cannot annoy.

On Sunday night we sit and rest, God's many
mercies count,
Blessings poured forth for us each day, from this
exhaustless fount.

We feel secure in His firm hand, and watch the
sunlight fade,
The same power rules the sun and us. Why
should we feel afraid?

When the last ray has disappeared, the stars
 come into view,
As evening darkens into night the more their
 light shines through.

It bids us walk with courage, and not bemoan
 our fate,
But in the darkest hour of life, to trust our God
 and wait.

GERALD

IN this world's sweetest story ever told
The stars shone down upon the sleeping fold,
While shepherds gazed at angels in the sky
Who chanted "Peace on earth, praise God on
 high."

The birth of Christ new-born they celebrate:
"Before" or "After Christ" the centuries date.

So, of your life the sweetest story too,
The birth of the dear son God gave to you.
For five short years his love and trust were given,
For five years loaned to you to train for heaven.
Now your own life from these blest dates you
 trace,
And count life long until you see his face.

WAIT A WHILE

IF you have a noble aim¹ which your comrades
cannot see,
Don't despair, wait a while,
Do not hide yourself in shame, keep alive your
earnest plea,
You can wait a while.

If you have a loyal friend who was always by
your side,
Don't despair, wait a while,
When your earthly life shall end love will then
be satisfied,
You can wait a while.

If you have a wayward child who is loving but
not wise,
Don't despair, wait a while,
Train him, though a little wild, praise his effort
when he tries,
You can wait a while.

If you serve God's holy Church, which compan-
ions do not love,
Don't despair, wait a while,
Those will find the truth who search; God can
lift their thoughts above,
You can wait a while.

If you rouse an outcast's hope though the sceptics
 may deride,
 Don't despair, wait a while,
Soon for truth his mind will grope; show him
 Christ the Crucified,
 Pray and wait a while.

JESUS SAID: " I SAY UNTO YOU, LOVE
YOUR ENEMIES "

AN enemy is needful to keep false pride away,
His angry looks and bitter words our weaknesses
 betray.

His criticisms harsh and mean may rouse our
 friends to aid,
If there's no truth in his abuse, why should we
 be afraid?

The faults he censured we should mend, give
 thanks to know the worst.
By showing where our weakness lay, he blessed
 instead of cursed.

A secret foe might work us harm while flattering
 to our face,
For untrue friends cause many pangs, when we
 their falseness trace.

The enemy's observant eye will make us better
men,

Words which were meant to damage us, may
bring us good again.

So let us love and pity him, who harbors towards
us hate,

He injures no one but himself—a poor un-
fortunate.

“Curses like chickens come to roost,” and “like
produces like,”

Pray God we may forgive him, whenever he may
strike.

He, too, must die as well as we, and on the other
shore

The love we try to bear him here, will blossom
evermore.

SOME ONE TO LOVE

YOU say that you are lonely and that life is
cold and gray,

And really I agree with you in all you think and
say.

You should have arms clasped round you, wooing
lips and loving kiss;
Do not be shocked; life's not worth while without
the love you miss.

There's an orphanage not far from you, where
little children sigh
For the petting and embraces fond which you to
them deny.

They have schooling, food and clothing, which is
all such Homes can give,
There is no one cruel to them, so they grow and
learn and live.

The Matron has so much to do that though she
does her best,
She cannot mother all her babes nor hug them
to her breast.

And so alone they skip their prayers, and tumble
into bed,
But each heart hungers for more love, with its
baby prayers unsaid.

God has given you warmth of feeling, pass it on
to those who need;
Little foundlings need your fondling, and it is for
them I plead.

Go, adopt one and then take her to your empty
heart and home,
You will find the babe, Christ's angel, which to
your abode has come.

No matter what her parents were, have said, or
done, or been,
She comes to you as God's own child, pure, spot-
less and soul-clean.

With parents dead, environment will count so
very large,
She will be just what *you* make her; God has
given her to your charge.

MY LOVE:

LIKE a lily is my dainty love, so pure and
white and fair;
The truth and goodness of her life wins lovers
everywhere.

The perfume of the choicest flowers when wafted
on the breeze
Cannot compare with her sweet self, far sweeter
than all these.

When she is near it is bright day, when absent it
is night.

Her face draws sunshine from the sky, her smile
makes all things bright.

I am the shadow, she is real. Am echo, she is
voice,

To sit a moment at her feet, makes my fond heart
rejoice.

Fair lilies, tell to her my love, voice it sincere and
true,

Breathe the test words, I cannot say. Ask if she
loves me, too.

If friendly faces smile with love on children as
they grow,

Pray ask her will she not look oft on one who
loves her so.

* * * * *

Though I may praise you, do not frown, I cannot
help it, dear.

Think kindly of the lover, who has loved you
many a year.

MY RED TOP BOOTS

WHEN first I rose to head my class
I thought the victory fine,
When skimming the river, which looked, like glass,
On skates—the world was mine.
When kilts gave place to trousers long,
Jumpers to sailor suits,
My joy arose, but was still more strong
When I first wore red-topped boots.

The red-topped boots seemed grander things
Than stocks and bonds do now,
Better than candy, or kites with wings,
Toy sheep, or a moolly cow.
No jackstones, marbles, or four-blade knife,
Plum cake, or jellied fruits
Could bring such joy as filled my life,
When I first wore red-topped boots.

When first, a child, I caught a fish
I danced around in glee,
Again I had won my highest wish
When at college, I gained A.B.
When once I shot a great black bear
I fired three loud salutes,
But my happiest day was, I declare,
When I first wore red-topped boots.

PRUDENCE

Far better a fence at the top of the steep
Than an ambulance at its foot:
Far better take care, than afterwards weep
When recklessness bears its fruit.

Far better be sure than sorry. Too late
When the evil has all been done,
It is useless to blame our luck or fate,
For the pain we can easily shun.

What cannot be cured must be endured,
Is an adage old and true,
But escape from mourning, can be assured
If trouble we cease to woo.

God helps the men who help themselves.
Prevention is better than cure,
But the reckless one who in danger delves
Merits punishment painful and sure.

We have no right to take a chance
With the body or soul God has given,
But watch lest through pure arrogance
We thus lose our hold on heaven.

MY YOUNG SWEETHEART

AS truthful, I've no wish to overpraise
But call her pretty, bright and young and sweet.
She has such charming and alluring ways,
Is neatly dressed from head to well-shod feet.

Well mannered, quick, intelligent and kind,
Attracts attention of both young and old.
I love her bonnie health, her looks, her mind;
If she has faults they're too slight to be told.

I own my heart is stolen by her charm,
And 'tis strange, she seems to love me in
return,
My wife views not our fond looks with alarm,
Nor sees them with the least thought of
concern.

When called away at eve she sends her to me,
Bids us go out for pleasant drive or walk.
Do not be shocked; she oft sits on my knee,
And smooths my hair while in the chair we talk.

Returning home one night she found us both like
that,
I mean my dear wife, unobserved, came in.
Put her arms round us two as, thus we sat,
Not thinking in the least of fault or sin.

Of course we started, caught thus by surprise,
But I looked up to her without a fear;
She kindly smiled with glad, approving eyes—
The girl was only our loved daughter dear.

MOUNT HOPE

THANK Providence, good friend,
If you're privileged to spend
A confirmation Sunday in Mount Hope,
There the greatest of the three
Joins Faith and Hope in amity
And they cover all the virtues in their scope.

From the Manor on the hill
Overflowing with goodwill,
From the village to the valley Church below,
They come to praise the Lord,
Full of faith in Him adored,
And I pray that God may keep them ever so.

Through many years to strive
Just to keep true faith alive,
Winning souls for God, first won by human love.
This is work of highest worth,
Yes, the greatest thing on earth.
A record in the Book of Life above.

WARNING FROM SHORE

A MIST at eve came over the sea,
And shut all things from sight.
The ships of white just nearing the bay
Were hid by the vapor and night.

The foghorn sounded its strident note,
It warned—Go slow, take care!
Look out for the shoals and the jagged rocks!
Was the message it boomed through the air.

Thank God for its loud far-reaching tone,
Bringing safety to captains and crews,
While through the night it guides the craft
In the way that the pilots choose.

When the night of life draws silently nigh,
And my bark nears the mist-covered strand,
May a warning from shore pierce the gloom and
dark,
And Christ bring me safely to land.

CHRIST NEAR

I KNOW not how God does it all and yet I
know that He
Somehow arranges all I do and watches over me.

I do not wish to pray to saints, I cannot feel
 them near,
But God, around me and within, my faintest
 word can hear.

He shows my duty and the way to lead His sol-
 diers on,
And striving hard to follow Him I hear His kind
 “ Well done! ”

I would be lonely day by day without His love
 and care,
When I have erred, His tender words console my
 heart in prayer.

I will try harder to show forth His goodness and
 His grace,
To serve Him well and faithfully, then meet Him
 face to face.

EASTER EVEN

THE Easter even shadows fall,
 Soft shadows warmly gray:
The world, expectant, seems to know
 Tomorrow is Easter Day.

The florists' shops are thronged by those
Who are thinking of their dead,
Jonquils and white lilies are bought
By the poor instead of bread.

On Easter morn in a churchly shrine
They will deck the altar high,
And on Easter afternoon be borne
To the graves where their kindred lie.

O human hearts so full of grief,
Hold fast with your latest breath
To the certain hope to greet your lost
Through the Christ who conquered death.

PRO PATRIA MORI

YOU know the meaning of red, white and
blue!

God's and man's union shown by each hue.
White means the prayers offered on bended knee,
Red the heart's blood expended so free.
The dark blue of heaven shows the home of us all,
The reward and the joy of the martyrs who fall.
The white and red stripes of similar length
Prove God and man partners in triumph of
strength.

No soul really dies, for his work still goes on,
While the battles he started are fought for and
won,
Our sons gave their all, and daily their lives
Live again in each one who valiantly strives
To do right at all cost, but whatever betide,
No martyr has failed who has worthily died.
The righteous, though crucified, always win
through.
Three cheers for Old Glory! the Red, White and
Blue!

TERAH AND ABRAHAM

66 **A**ND Terah died in Haran," loth to let the
vision fade;
God told him to go southward although he would
have stayed.
Poor Terah started bravely out, then faltered and
stood still,
While Abraham, the seeker, had faith to do God's
will.
He nightly pitched his tent-pins south, unknowing
where he went,
Believing God and trusting till he reached the
place God meant,

The father of a new-found race, with Isaac, his
loved son.

Thus faith and vision always lead to peace when
life is done.

May we with faith, like Abraham's, thro' doubt
and danger plod,

And bring ourselves and all we have to the prom-
ised land of God!

THE CONQUEST OF DOUBT

IS it all an uncertain beautiful dream
That heavenly time and land,
Or is it true that Christ, the Supreme,
Can hear me, is close at hand?

At times we believe and at times we doubt,
Our faith is uncertain and frail;
Fears weaken our prayers, e'en when most devout,
Spite our will, evil thoughts assail.

However, we read that in war one must be
Attacking or being attacked;
That advancing armies from fear are most free,
But defenders strange fears contract.

Our doubts must mean, therefore, our zeal has
grown less,
Wrongly trusting past faith and deeds done;
Each day offers battles for holiness
Which only by prayer can be won.

We will never know Christ's love as we should
Till to others the Christ we show.
He living, loving and soul-understood,
Alone perfect faith can bestow.

Daily duties wrought, mean a growing faith.
There is never rest in this war;
Glad service and sacrifice 'till death;
Then "More than Conqueror."

OUR BABE GONE BEFORE

D EWDROP and zephyr had formed our fair
flower,
Sweet and responsive to sunshine and shower,
In a bed of sweet roses hour after hour.

My rosebud of June, forever dreamed of,
Too precious to live in our garden of love,
You were taken from us to God's garden above.

BLACK AND WHITE

II REMEMBER when a little lad
I read a warlike tale,
Two forces faced each other
Full-armed and clothed in mail.
The black knights and the white
Waged a fierce and mortal strife,
They gave no quarter, so each one
Must win or lose his life.

The white knights fought for God and truth,
The black knights fought for self.
The white knights sought to right earth's wrongs,
The black knights sought for pelf.
So white knights were the ones I chose
To join with all my might,
Eager to suffer any pain
To battle for the right.

Long years have passed and as I look
Far back on boyish dreams,
Perhaps my eyes deceived me then
(At least that's as it seems.)
My days and hours pass on apace,
And self is hard to chide,
I still resolve to be a White,
But seem on the other side.

Go back, my soul, in memory,
And scan your boyish face,
Take courage from your former self,
And change your fighting place.
Your closing days may be the best,
Stand firm for God and right,
Hear! The trumpet call is sounding
From the Army of the White!

THE RE-UNITED STATES

TWO ghosts softly tapped at the window pane;
And the father said: "That must be rain."
Then together they shook the great hall door,
And the mother spoke: "It's the wind, nothing
more."

The ghosts then waited till everyone slept,
And close to the side of the son's bed crept;
They whispered their meaning as deeply he
dreamed,
And the duty they urged God's wishes seemed.

Next morn with set purpose he rose at dawn,
And before it was dark to the war had gone.
The parents that night by the evening lamp
Sadly missed their son on his way to camp,

While there in the room, though they could not
see

Were their wounded sires of sixty-three,
Whose voices had called their grandson away,
One a soldier in blue, and one clad in gray.

"Well, dear wife," said the father with fond
caress,

"Our sires would wish it." The ghosts nodded
"Yes."

East, West, North and South have alike heard
the call.

"We must free the world and win freedom for
all."

YOUR PART

STIR up the gift that is in you,
Exercise, discipline, train:
Strengthen whatever is true,
Consecrate body and brain,
Faithfully, lovingly trying,
Patiently, prayerfully, too,
Solely on God's help relying
He will your strength renew.

THE ARAB STEPS

THE hillside center of Algiers is in the Arab town,
Where the houses almost touch, where the steps
run up and down.
Sunlight can hardly penetrate the narrow alley's
shade,
And when dark night has come pitch black no
street lamps are displayed.

Like moles the natives find their way by touch
more than by sight,
They brush against each other keeping hand on
wall at right.
Here steepest steps, foul deepest depths of filth
and pain and crime,
You find by scent and sound and sight, as up the
hill you climb.

Poor outcast girls of tender years, oft ill and oft
in tears,
Who dare not leave or the past retrieve, here die
to please Algiers.
When you've been there, lose not from mind the
misery of their lot,
Pray God for power to wipe out this—the world's
most ulcerous spot.

FOUR BOYS TOGETHER

FOUR little boys together, down on a Jersey farm,

Climbing the trees and wading the brooks in summer days so warm.

Coasting and sledding in winter, skating on fields of ice,

Four pairs of hands joined nightly in prayer, then all into bed in a trice.

Four larger boys together, working in college and school,

Ambitious of greater knowledge, seeking for method and rule,

Dreaming with hope for the future, searching God's intricate plan,

Learning the hardest of lessons, the nature and heart of man.

Four older boys together, fighting the battle of life,

Facing earth's deepest problems, providing for children and wife.

Seeing life's sin and its sorrow, bearing its burden and stress,

Trying to lighten the darkness, striving to make the grief less.

Four aged boys together, waiting the word to go
home,
Wanderers weary with travel, wishing no further
to roam,
Waiting the blessed reunion with mother and
father above,
Learning the lesson of lessons, to joy and trust
in Christ's love.

THE TWO ROBES

A RONDEL

TWO robes Christ wore, and both for me.
The one was of scarlet and one without seam.
The scarlet foretold He would crucified be,
The seamless recalled a prophetic theme.
Both showed He would die the world to redeem,
And hang like a felon nailed to the tree.
Two robes Christ wore, and both for me,
The one was of scarlet and one without seam.
Oh brave, brave heart that could foresee
Thy cruel death while men blaspheme,
Forgiveness for Thy foes Thy plea,
This proved Thy Godhead was supreme.
Two robes Christ wore, and both for me,
The one was of scarlet and one without seam.

KATE

I HAVE a laughing daughter fair,
Who is only twelve years old,
And all the witty things she says
Can scarce by me be told.

With smiling lips she tells a joke
Which she has heard somewhere,
And looks to see us gaily laugh,
With quite a comic air.

The day may rainy be or dry,
But to her merry thought
All things are always glad and right,
And happen as they ought.

Her sunny temper is most rare,
Dear, loving optimist.
When she has any joy to share
May I be on her list!

LIFE

LIFE is such a splendid thing,
Each day a new adventure,
Morn and noon their changes bring
With much to praise or censure.

Snowy days feel cold and pure,
Pleasing by clear whiteness.
Rainy days may calm the mind
With their lack of brightness.

Sunny days give warmth and cheer,
Bring work and active duty.
Even night with moon and stars
Is filled with mystic beauty.

Flower and field and hill and stream,
Offer true enjoyment,
Eyes and ears and hands and feet
Happy through employment.

BECAUSE OF HER

I LOVED my dearest mother in the old sweet
long ago,
And know she really loved me, too, because she
told me so.
Sometimes when I would kiss her she would
gently smooth my cheek,
At other times would smile at me and cheerily
would speak.
When she told me I was strong and brave, I
almost thought it true,
For she was sure all was just right, whatever I
might do.

My dear mother passed away to heaven and left
me lone and sad,
I never found another who could take the place
she had.
She seemed to read my every thought and knew
just what I meant,
No task would seem too hard for me while on her
trust I leant.
When no one cares or understands we have little
courage left,
And often falter in life's fight since of such faith
bereft.

For nothing strengthens one so much as knowing
someone cares,
It puts the iron in your will, the fervor in your
prayers.
No task too hard, no toil too long, if at the close
of day
A loved one at the trysting place will kiss your
cares away.
So sometimes when I think my work can be of
little worth
I still gain strength and courage from her love no
more on earth.

PLAYING "LITTLE PIGS"

THE author in his armchair sat,
To add a stanza more,
When swift along the hallway broad
Came little Elinore.
The little maid, not four years old,
Peeped shyly through the door,
And saw her father busily
Counting his fingers o'er.

She looked for some time silently
The while her eyes grew big.
Then asked: "Is father making fun
A-playing 'Little Pig?'
I play it almost every day
Before I don my clothes,
But nursesey doesn't take my hands,
She always counts my toes.

"This little pig to market went,
This little pig stayed home,
This little pig had plum pudding,
This little pig had none.
That's what I say, and nursesey laughs
Because my toes are pink,
When I am big I'll take my hands—
It's nicer, don't you think?"

The father looked down on his child,
Then with a gentle kiss
He said: "My little daughter fair,
Don't be too sure of this.
For though the fingers of my hands
You saw me counting, sweet,
Yet, in a way you soon will know,
I really counted feet.

"Yes, I was playing 'Little Pigs,'
And trying to get home
With thoughts secure in metric feet
Bound nevermore to roam.
But when I have them all in line,
Fast gathered by my pen,
They scamper off in search of rhymes
And make me chase again.

"Some little pigs in markets live,
Some little pigs at home,
There are little pigs on mountain tops
And near the ocean's foam.
"Where'er you go you'll find some pigs,
Though neither nice nor fair:
So count them on your hands or feet,
The pigs themselves won't care."

THE END OF WINTER

LAST night the snow came swirling round
Until it blanketed the ground
 With movement swift
 In many a drift
 A great white falling mass.

The snow will soon be leaving here,
And spring will come with welcome cheer,
 March winds will blow,
 Hedge flowers grow,
 And fields be green with grass.

In every season beauty see,
Men's hearts will more contented be.
 The snow's pure white,
 Spring blossoms bright
Should cause all gloom to flee.

MEMORY

AS the years roll onward, mother,
 More and more I seem to dwell
On the early childhood happenings
 And the home I loved so well.

The truths you tried to teach me
And that fell on heedless ears,
Now return with added meaning
Through the ever-lengthening years.

Your wise and loving counsels
Seem more precious than before,
As the years have hurried onward
They are valued more and more.

For your constant care I thank you,
What it meant I little knew.
And that other souls may profit
I will pass your words on, too.

ANOTHER DAY

ANOTHER day of work for Christ is done,
Of teaching truths I cannot fully know
How God receives a sinner through His Son
And washes crimson stains as white as snow.

Shall I preach doctrine only known in part?
Should I not wait until I know it all?
The answer comes: "Son, give to Him thy heart
And then convey to other men His call."

Do not delay one month, one week, one day,
Christ will supply the words you ought to speak,
Then gently lead your hearers in the way
That guides men onward if they only seek.

God's thoughts we know in part, we teach the
same,
And follow step by step where we are led;
Canst thou not whisper to sad hearts His name,
And cheer the mourner weeping o'er the dead?

Yes, though our faith and hope continue weak,
Proclaim the Gospel we both must and can.
We thank our God that stammering lips can speak
The story of His wondrous love to man.

EASTER JOY

WITH the words "Christ arose," do we
think what we say,
That the world's greatest joy came on Easter
Day?
No battle, no voyage, no founding of State,
Could equal this day when Life first conquered
fate.

All souls who had lived had been victims of death,
No hope of escape had cheered their last breath.
The grave had meant Sheol and darkest despair,
Where each one must perish with no one to care.

No forethought or prudence had saved even one,
For the coming of Death not the wisest could
shun.

The pages of old that were written, made clear
From cradle to grave men were haunted by fear.

But the night of dread terror has vanished away
Since the glad morning dawned of the first Easter
Day.

Thus happy the day and its morn when He rose
To open a highway which no one can close.

Since Christ rose again from the grave and its
gloom,

We know death is vanquished and fear not the
tomb.

No longer we weep for each little babe sent,
Death's chain has been broken, the grave has
been rent.

Great poets with rapture may glorify spring,
But this is a greater, more glorious thing—
The gain of true life which shall surely not die,
But continue forever in heaven on high.

We live on to love Thee, unceasingly praise
This glorious life to the end of earth's days.
Our dead have not died, we shall see them again,
Let us shout the glad news the world over to men!

Untaught pagans may grieve without hope and
in fear,
Let us show them Christ risen, that comfort is
near.
With Eucharists fervent, and choruses long,
We will celebrate Easter with anthem and song.

NOW

DO you hear those voices calling, calling louder
every day,
That we send to them the Gospel, that we work
as well as pray?
Only faith in Christ and baptism's seal can wash
away their sin,
Naught but new birth and penitence can make
them pure within.

When Christ told His twelve disciples they must
witness and must teach,
He meant far more than once a week to pray and
bless and preach.

He meant an active, real task. To each He gave
full power
To raise the dead—to heal the sick—to cheer the
darkest hour.

He meant through voice and pen and gifts and
unremitting zeal,
His Church on earth must be built up to sanctify
and heal.

O Lord, forgive our blunders—open our ears to
hear,
That in the future we may strive to reach both
far and near.

* * * * *

Our Lord said: “ I, if lifted up will draw all men
to me.”
Is it not time for us to lift? If not, when will
it be?

AT SUNBURY

AS I sat in the station aboard the night train,
I heard a faint tap on the car-window pane,
Then afraid that their act seem bold in my sight,
Some lads ran away calling: “ Bishop, good
night! ”

When I opened the window and put out my head,
“ Good night to yourselves, boys,” I smilingly
said.

“ A safe journey home,” came the answer back
true,

And as the train started I waved them adieu.

Those choir boys who sang for me early that day,
At the end, with their blessing had sent me away.
And as in the darkness we hurried along,
This sweet benediction seemed better than song.

When life's day is waning and nearing its last,
And into the darkness my soul hastens fast,
Will someone then cheer me and call through the
night

As these little lads: “ A safe journey, good
night! ”

“ YE ” AND “ THEM ”

Christ's words in the Holy Gospel: “ Come *ye* out
from among *them*.”

HOW sweet the Master's personal call,
So tenderly urgent and welcoming all!

To those who have strayed and are grieved with
sin,

“ Come to me,” it bids, and a new life begin.

Christ opes prison gates to the "Ye" and the
"Them,"

He died for all men and would no one condemn.

If we harden our hearts and heed not His voice,
Then ours is the fault, ours the wrong choice.

This course breaks the laws both of God and of
man,

It injures our neighbors, opposes God's plan.

It is based upon hatred, or envy and pride,
Each step leads us further away from Christ's
side.

But the path of the just shineth ever more bright,
To the soul who in everything tries to do right.

His mistakes and his sins are not hid from his
view,

But he prays and he strives every day to be true.

Seeking nearness to Christ he avoids evil ways,
His Master's approval worth more than earth's
praise.

THANKSGIVING

O GOD! Today on bended knees
We thank Thee for the fruits of trees,
For grain which ripens in the fields,
For all supplies the garden yields.

Not only food Thy bounties show,
Which earth and rain and sun make grow,
But shrubs and blossoms, flowers most sweet,
Thank God for these as well as wheat!

For health of soul, of mind, of heart,
For strength to see and do our part,
For family and friends to cheer,
And aid our efforts while we're here.

Praise God from whom all good gifts flow,
For blessings which we cannot know.
Counting our mercies, praise and pray,
Let each day be Thanksgiving Day.

SPRING

THE spring of the year is a beautiful time—
Buds forming and grasses upspringing,
There's a feeling of power and wonder sublime
Though snow to some hillsides is clinging.

Before violets bloom or anemonies flower,
Or bloodroot or dogwood shews white,
One senses the surging of unseen power
In the warmth of the sun and its light.

The brooks and the lakes are enshrouded in ice,
The March winds blow bitter and chill,
Yet winter has merged into spring in a trice,
There is proof both in vale and on hill.

A change has appeared. An invisible force
Has entered both seedlings and men,
Another huge miracle starts on its course,
Thank God! It is spring come again.

The bees buzz by, the swallows fly fast,
Building homes and new nests in the eaves,
While songbirds are chanting that winter is past,
And bursting buds promise fresh leaves.

Springtime in our souls is looming ahead,
Filling life with a joyous unrest,
To escape from its coldness, sorrow and dread,
And embark on a happier quest.

Earth's cold winter winds have depressed and
perplexed.

Now—with sunshine of Paradise near,
With joy we will change this world for the next,
For eternity's springtime is here!

MY MOTHER'S MIRROR

IT is only an old-time mirror which I most
highly prize,
Those little spots where the quicksilver's gone
are to me like loved one's eyes.
A fine new glass would make it less dear—it would
then only show present things,
But using it now it gives double sight, pictured
ghosts of the past it brings.
It reflects me myself when I look in, and then,
perhaps through my tears,
My parents' and grandparents' faces appear.
They used it for many long years.
Grandmother received it her wedding day in its
gold and mahogany frame,
Before it she dressed and her children caressed,
and they also used it the same.

The white of the bridesmaid, bereavement's black
crepe were both reflected in this,
The babe newly born, the child home from school
with many a romp and a kiss.
When given my mother it was hung in her room,
and between the windows found place,
How oft it showed the children, and her noble
Madonna-like face!

Each morn and each night it saw her, kneeling
there, with eyes uplifted in prayer,
No one knew what she said, but for us with bowed
head she was asking God's constant care.
On the little square stand at the right, near at
hand, were her Bible, her hymn-book and
prayers,
'Twas there through life's length she sought di-
vine strength to meet all sorrows and cares.

The glass hung on the wall till the hour she died
and saw casket, flowers and pall,
Since that sad day, when she went away, has the
mirror missed her at all?
As our words are now radioed far, far away, I
wonder if looks are kept, too,
Perhaps the skies stretching far overhead are
picturing all that we do.
Sacred Scripture says that our words and deeds
to Almighty God are known,
And the thoughts of our minds and desires of our
hearts as by heavenly mirror shown.
So this valued old friend reflects truth to the end,
to offspring e'en to the last,
I pray God no face will ever disgrace its noble
and upright past.

BITS OF LOVE

LOVE, though little, may grow strong and
large,
Leading to life's work with no discharge
Love means loyalty, free and unpriced,
Putting in practice the teachings of Christ.

Love may be only a dream at the start,
But soon fills completely the life and the heart,
Selfishness vanishes, hatred is lost,
Love is the chief joy whatever the cost.

Love will bring tenderness, patience and praise,
As faithful in grief as in happier days,
Unobtrusive and kind, it is ever alert,
To protect all it can from sorrow and hurt.

Love seeks to learn for a purpose most odd,
To fit itself better to serve men and God.
It wills to live plainly, and tries all it can
To be the most worthy to help fellowman.

Love is sweet sympathy, earnest and true,
Lying deep in your eyes and in my eyes for you.
It needs not embraces, nor words to express,
For each smile and each look is a silent caress.

To those who love Christ and in friendliness meet,
Communion is ever increasingly sweet.
A foretaste of heavenly pleasure above,
Where love is the law and the law ends in love.

STATE COLLEGE GLEE

U PON our Alma Mater the mountains all look
down,

Row upon row of them in sight, Mount Nitany
the crown.

To our beloved college that mountain gives its
name,

Fair Nitany we call her and try to spread her
fame.

In rolling green-clad highlands of the noble Key-
stone State,

She drills the thoughtful student to conquer and
be great.

Away from city turmoil and ocean's wave and
sand,

She teaches each to honor truth and love his
native land.

From Lake Erie to the ocean, from New York to
Maryland,

Come sons of Pennsylvania, a noble, earnest band.

The stars of heaven shine upon four thousand
 maids and men,
Who fit themselves for higher tasks, prepared
 with word and pen.

No matter where we wander over all the whole
 round earth
We'll not forget fair Mater or the country of our
 birth,
Though every home is sacred from farthest east
 to west,
Our college home, fair Nitany, is the dearest and
 the best.

CHORUS:

Then join our Litany,
For dear old Nitany,
 Like the mountain high and strong,
For you we raise our song,
Our hearts to you belong,
 Nitany, fair Nitany!

MY WISH

O LORD! I ask not for the victor's palm,
Nor history's page my name to embalm;
Make me but true to Thee and ever calm,
In spite of grief to raise my thankful psalm.

A NIGHTMARE

I WAS sitting alone on the third floor back,
The night was warm, so warm,
When suddenly up came an Imp, jet black,
The night was warm, yes, warm.
Methought now what does this mean alack?
He'll do me harm, some harm,
Perhaps he has come to make an attack,
Work some charm, witch charm.

He gazed at me with his beady eyes,
The night seemed chill, so chill;
He seemed unconcerned to view my surprise,
The night grew more chill, yes, chill.
He looked so uncanny I tried to rise,
Feeling ill, very ill,
But he shrieked with a voice of trumpet size:
"Sit you still, just sit still."

I sank back limp in the chair again,
The night was cold, so cold,
I had often read of Imps sent for men,
When the night was cold, yes, cold,
Who dragged them away with the power of ten,
Very bold, demon bold,
O'er moor and fen, far beyond human ken,
I felt old, very old.

Then gaining heart I said: "Bogyman!"
The night grew fair, quite fair,
"You'll not phase me now as you think you can,"
The night was fair, yes, fair.
"You will find I'm the man for that very plan,
You can't scare, so beware,
You and all your clan." Then away he ran
Through the air—yes, but where?
I had salad for supper that night I think,
I ate well, yes, too well.
I sipped no wine, so the cause was not drink
I know well, yes, well.
In fact I do not think drinking is right,
But this spell, witch spell,
In the form of a sprite woke me up with affright.
Do not tell! No, don't tell!

ONLY A TRAMP

ONLY a stranger lying there
By the country roadside dead,
A rough, unshaven fellow
One arm beneath his head.
The farmer who first found him
Soon brought another neighbor,
And many bitter words were said
Of tramps who would not labor.

“Such men were always better dead,
They only lived by stealing.
They’d rob a hen-roost, burn a barn,
Yes, murder without feeling.”

And so the busy talk went on,
Of drunkenness and thieving,
Of begging, blustering vagrants who
Aimed only at deceiving.

Till someone said: “Perhaps we’ll find
His name upon his clothing,
Some clue to his identity.”
The search was made with loathing.

They turned his pockets inside out,
His hat explored in vain,
No scrap of paper told the tale
Or made the mystery plain.

Then someone opened wide his vest,
And found, with sudden start,
Pinned close inside the lining there,
A package near his heart.

A little bundle flattened out,
Tied with a ribbon blue,
A trophy no one would expect—
A baby’s half-worn shoe.

As each one gazed upon the shoe
And then looked hard at him,
Though not a single word was said,
Yet every eye grew dim.

That little shoe had told its tale,
No more they called him "tramp."
He had loved and lost—that much they felt,
His sorrow left its stamp.

They folded up the little shoe,
Re-tied its ribbon blue,
To put it back again in place
Was all that they could do.

Some happy home had once been his,
Perchance with child and wife,
But death had left him all alone
To lead a wanderer's life.

Ambition was for ever gone,
His hope and courage fled,
He traveled on from place to place
His spirit with the dead.

He seemed insane to those he met,
The housewives feared his eye,
He wept and muttered to himself
Desiring but to die.

His fervent prayer was answered now,
And by the roadside there
The neighbors gave him burial
With tender, gentle care.

And as they stood beside the grave
And lowered him to rest,
Their thought was of that baby's shoe
That lay upon his breast.

MY PA

MY Pa can do most everything,
Yes, anything he tries,
Can shoot great eagles on the wing,
And black bears twice his size.

At least, each fall he hunting goes
And then when he comes back,
Some rabbits to us children shows
And birds, too, from his pack.

If he could hit such little mites,
As rabbits on the run,
Big bears had better keep away
When Father has his gun.

He can tell better tales I know
Than any other man,
I'm certain sure that this is so,
'Cause Mother says he can.

At school he always was up head
And never acted bad,
He always did what teacher said
When he was but a lad.

He loved to go to school and Church,
Not like poor little me,
He never felt the teacher's birch
When stretched across her knee.

A few fine things we boys have now
They didn't play with then,
A bicycle, a radio,
A stylographic pen.

Our Grandpa's boast we'll surely beat,
For Mother says we've got
The biggest mortgage in the street,
Upon our house and lot.

The things my father does are best,
And such grand things; you see
That I am never going to rest
Till I'm as great as he.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

SOME are sitting in the sunshine,
Some are dwelling in the shade,
Some have health and food and comfort,
Others see their hopes all fade.
Note their friends grow few and fewer,
Watch their riches flee away,
See death coming swiftly, surely,
Dread the dawning of each day.

Half the world sits in the shadow,
Smiles are mingled with sad tears,
Days of grief and days of laughter,
Follow them throughout the years.
But though life must have its changes,
There is more of joy than pain,
Many days of brightest sunshine
Seldom broken by the rain.

Some in light and some in darkness,
So the words of Christ come true,
All can follow His example
Cheering those whose joys are few.
Giving work and food and raiment,
To the poor, half-fed, half-clad,
Giving sympathy to others
Who have lost the hope they had.

Angels walk the streets and highways,
Of each city in the land,
Seeking, like their blessed Saviour,
To extend a helping hand.
Never weary in well-doing,
Never backward with a gift,
Ever praying God will help them
Many fallen to uplift.

Every power and every talent
God has given unto man
Should be used to profit others,
Giving all the help we can.
Selfishness is weak and sinful,
Giving brings a swift reward,
Earth can give no higher pattern
Than the unselfish Son of God.

NATURE TO NATURE'S GOD

PLUCK me a lily flower,
Any spring blossom you please,
Let me kneel here on the sod
Under the tall leafy trees.
Solomon, great in his power,
Never wore garments like these,
So I peer in its heart and praise God,
And look up to Him from my knees.

“WAIT PATIENTLY FOR HIM”

HE that believeth shall not make haste,
Rest in the Lord and so wait His will,
Work hurriedly done must oft be effaced,
Better not do it than finish it ill.

“Good enough ways” will not win first place;
“Pretty good” never can be at the head.
Take time and pains would you win the race,
“Talent means labor” has often been said.

Slowly and surely is always the best,
Worried or hurried we cannot work well.
Hasting means wasting, must be confessed,
Take time to think, if you wish to excel.

God sends no duty without the full time
In which to do it as unto Him;
Not to be careful is almost a crime;
His brazen pillars were “graved to the rim.”

God paints the sky with a wondrous brush,
Perfects the flowers on hillside and plain,
Day and night works without noise or rush,
Blessing the creatures by sun and by rain.

Rest in the Lord and thou shalt be fed,
Trust in the Lord and fear nothing amiss.
Wait thou His time, there is naught to dread,
Patience and prayer are the steps to bliss.

Quietly rest then upon the Lord,
Halting your plans until He shall decide;
Start nothing new before He gives the word,
Glad in His wisdom and love to confide.

CHRIST'S WAY

IT must be good to plan to do good,"
Is a phrase that oft comes to mind
When I doubt in most despairing mood
If it pays to help and be kind.

Is it worth my while to worry and fret
Over those who refuse all advice?
If I pay their debt, they may soon forget
All my costly sacrifice.

With what I bestow I must give myself, too,
To turn them away from despair,
A new home and new friends might courage renew,
Make them ready to do and dare.

Each soul that we save may mean many more,
For each either helps or pulls down,
No good act is lost and each life we restore
Is another bright star in our crown.

So help all you can, child, woman and man
Who asks aid, but be sure that your gift
Will strengthen and help them to do all they can,
Not to lean upon others, but lift.

Lifted up on the cross Christ draws all to Him.
We, too, must lift all that we may.
There can be no mistake though sight may be dim,
Christ has shown us this is His way.

TASSO'S VENGEANCE

○ WOULD I could rob mine enemy!
Would I could steal from his heart
The hatred warm he cherishes,
And make his anger depart.

I ask for no harm to destroy him,
His property, honor or life,
But only the power to change his mind
And turn him away from strife.

His hatred injures himself alone,
My love will protect me from ill;
Whatever the course I am planning
His hate, not himself, I would kill.

ANNO DOMINI

ANOTHER year of our dear Lord!
What will the passing days record
Of good or ill, of love or sin,
What meaning will it hold within?

Is He our Master, Dominus?
To answer "No" is blasphemous,
To answer "Yes" means service true—
Returning Him His rightful due.

He fasted, I would fast as He,
He prayed, so prayer my rule must be.
Of sacrifice He often spake,
I must deny for His dear sake.

He welcomed everyone who came,
The poor, the sick, the blind, the lame.
He tried from sin to set men free
And this must be the rule for me.

If this my Anno Domini,
Then I must yet more faithful be,
Must always feel His presence near
And ever keep a listening ear.

"In te spero, O Domine! "
Direct in that I do or say,
Help me to publish far and wide
The truth Thou hast for all men died.

The hymn "Cantate Domino "
Should be the song of all below,
While Christian nations all agree
We live in Anno Domini.

THE FISHERMAN

A LITTLE old fisherman, seedy and grey,
In a flat-bottomed boat with the paint washed
away,
A net in the bow, and the anchor there, too,
'Twas a rock with a hole, and the rope running
through.

Each morning at sunrise we saw him go by,
At night he returned with his fishes piled high,
Never speaking a word, but rowing right on,
While we followed his boat, it grew small, and
was gone.

Each summer we came to our house by the Sound
And looked for our fisherman e'er he came round.
We saw flowers in spring and nuts in the fall,
But the little old man was most sure of them all.

One springtime we missed him and asked, "Why
away?"

And the answer was: "Lost in a storm on the
bay."

His boat and himself had gone out with the tide,
And later they found them washed up side by
side.

No relatives had he, not even a pet,
But lived all alone like some old anchoret,
A man of few words and of commonplace deeds,
The fish which he caught supplied his few
needs.

He would speak to his boat, his lost wife and
their child,
No wonder the neighbors deemed him "a bit
wild;"

For he never seemed happy unless out afloat
A-rowing alone in his old paintless boat.

The boat and himself are at last now at rest,
He has crossed the wide sea to the friend he
loved best,
In the old village graveyard he sleeps his last
sleep,
While the waves dashing near hymn a requiem
deep.

A SONG, A LOOK, A KISS, A PRAYER

A SONG, a look, a kiss, a prayer,
Like monarchs sway the lives of men,
Essential things, yet light as air,
Have reigned before and will again.

A song—the tale of a drunkard's child,
Lost, half-starved and dying alone,
But it touched the heart of an outcast defiled
Who wept, and went home to his own.

A look—perhaps from a maiden's eyes,
Revealing more than words can tell,
But the lover knew he had won his prize
And vowed to treasure her well.

A kiss—the last from mother to son,
Leaving home for college or school,
Just a touch whose memory lingers on
Through taunting and ridicule.

A prayer—yes, a prayer from a poor prodigal
That brought to him angels of love,
Guiding his feet till they led him at last
To the home of His Father above.

THE OLD MILL

A WAY up in the valley mid the thickly
wooded hills,
Is a crystal mountain streamlet formed of many
smaller rills,
A ruined sawmill still remains, the wheel lies on
the ground,
And fifty years have passed away since the water
drove it round.

A gray, unpainted dwelling in a garden stands
nearby,
But only weeds and wild flowers bloom among
the grasses high.
Yet underneath the hemlock tree on a grassy
knoll there stands
A nameless tombstone of someone, who loved
these lonely lands.

A tall green lilac bush survives whose fragrance
draws the bees,
Some red fruit peering through the leaves shews
two old apple trees,
Blossoms abound, alone and massed, that fill the
air with scent,
Red trilliums, white moose flowers, the hillside
ornament.

Small bluets, often called star-eyes, with violets
blue and white,
Rhododendrons spread along the brook to catch
the waning light.
The former fields half overgrown by bushes in
great clumps,
Where thrushes seek for berries around the old
tree stumps.

One can hear a partridge drumming on some far
moss-covered log,
Kingfisher's scream and laugh of loon from the
shallow millpond bog,
Where wood ducks flutter by in pairs and blue
jays quarrel, too,
While timid deer come down to drink at eve when
falls the dew.

Then if with well-used rod and line, feet firm on
brookside rock,
You cast your fly where the deep pools lie, oft
you may have the shock
Of a trout to dash with rush and splash and seize
the tempting bait
Or to your surprise no fish will rise, even though
you stay till late.

Some birds fly south while others stay, though
winters are severe,
Snowprints of finch and chickadee show them re-
maining here,
The quail and crows and pheasants, too, hide in
their own retreat,
With foxes, squirrels, rabbits, hares the hillsides
are replete.

Then summer or winter, spring or fall, the old
mill has its lure,
The song of the falls, unceasing calls, our human
hearts to endure.
The beasts and birds have made their home be-
neath the towering hill,
It is dear to them as it is to me, this unforgotten
mill.

A VERNAL REVERIE

CRESTING, ever cresting, are the wavelets of
the sea;
Nesting, mating, nesting, are the birds in many
a tree;
Blowing, strongly blowing, is the March wind
wild and chill;
Growing, daily growing, is the grass on sunny hill.

Screaming, shrilly screaming, are the blue jays on
the pine;

Dreaming, ever dreaming, is this vagrant soul of
mine;

Groping, fondly groping, for some quest I cannot
find,

Hoping, ever hoping, for an understanding mind.

Flitting, ever flitting, as the bee from flower to
flower;

Sitting, idly sitting, dreaming day dreams hour
by hour;

Thinking, sadly thinking, of the days long since
gone by;

Drinking warmth of sunshine while God's spirit
hovers nigh.

Praising, gently praising, our minds should up-
ward spring,

Raising, sweetly raising, thanksgiving hymns to
sing;

Life, long or short, is always sweet, and God
above is kind,

Rejoice in present blessings knowing there are
more to find.

TIME TO GO TO SLEEP

IT'S very late for you, my boy, it's time to go to sleep,"

Down through the years comes Mother's voice,
tender, soft and deep.

The little lad must go to bed, must cease from
work and play,

Be put to sleep with good-night kiss, rest till
another day.

"It's very late for you, my boy, it's time to go to sleep."

A boy looks up to Mother as midnight shadows
creep.

Her kindly eyes and loving glance tell more than
words can say,

So he lays down his books and pen until another
day.

"It's very late for you, my boy, it's time to go to rest."

In quavering tones from a sick-room, comes the
voice he loves the best.

A man mature and full of care, yet every night
always,

He kneels for Mother's blessing, as he bends his
head to pray.

“ It’s very late for you, my boy, it’s time to go to rest.”

No longer here to say the words; her home is with the blest.

But when life at last is ended someone will hear him say:

“ I am resting, darling Mother, till we meet in God’s new day.”

QUOTING SCRIPTURE

’T WAS in the class at Sunday School
The teacher set the task.
He said there was a prize for each
Who answered all he’d ask.

So Gus and Charles and Tom and Jim
All tried the prize to win;
And gave original answers—
Original with sin!

They used their brains as best they could,
Made many sharp replies;
And sometimes answered in a way
That filled him with surprise.

The duty to be kind came up.
The teacher said he'd read
Of boys who cut a cat's tail off
And left it almost dead.

"Why was it wrong? Can you tell me?"
Shouts Gus: (Was it a blunder?)
"What God hath joined," the Bible says,
"Let no man put asunder."

THE SICK CHILD

I'M sorry you're ill, little girlie,
Not out with the others at play,
I know you feel bad, for it's lonesome and sad
To lie ill in bed the long day.
It makes us feel cross to think of our loss
And languish when others are strong,
Yet weakness sometimes to victory climbs
And sweetens our lips with a song.
So sing a glad song, little girlie,
For weakness may win before strength,
A child who lies still may be doing God's will,
And win greatest joy at length.
The lips which know pain smile the sweeter again,
And the kindest lives have birth,
Where some dear little saint, without a complaint,
Is living for Heaven on earth.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO ITALY

IN the early days when Europe was a wilderness
unknown,
When Goths and Huns dwelt skin-clad in the huts
they called their own,
The light of art and sculpture and in painting
shone in Rome,
Where all the learning of the world seemed to
have made its home.
The flame which Greece had nurtured now blazed
to larger size,
And a *world of beauty* blossomed forth beneath
Italian skies.

When Angelo and Raphael fairest canvases unfurled,
The study of harmonics gave new music to the
world;
Melodious strains of instruments with the human
voice as well,
Gave folk-songs to the nations which the people
could not tell.
With endless changes for the ear a *world of music*
grew,
And all men worshipped, wept, and laughed as
Italy bade them do.

Columbus from Italia saw a new world in the
West,
And sailing from Genoa put his courage to the
test.
His crew lost faith, but still he hoped and would
not change his course,
Tho' his sailors mutinied and swore to hinder him
by force.
Thus Italy gave Columbia to freedom and man-
kind,
This made a *third new world* that she was given
grace to find.

Another son of Italy sailed south instead of
north,
And Amerigo Vespucci gave his name to *world*
the fourth.
Though other nations sailed the seas they feared
to venture West,
But North and South America show Italians
stood the test.
Whenever there is work to do from North to
Southern Pole,
Her sons are always to the front, in body, mind
and soul.

In recent years Marconi has a *fifth world* brought
to view,

And wireless messages are sent like lightning,
clear and true.

When helpless ships are sinking fast there comes
the cheering call,

Aid and support are close at hand. This gift is
best of all.

Hail Garibaldi, Count Cavour, Mussolini, King
and Queen,

We pledge our love to Italy—nothing shall come
between!

STEALING A HOME

“A bird’s nest of steel is one of the curiosities lately
added to the Musée de Solaire, Switzerland. It was
made by a wag-tail of parts of watch springs which it
had found behind a factory.”

BIRDS make their nests in spring, we know,
But not like this—of springs;
Whatever made this wag-tail think
Of using such odd things?

Birds steal their nests, we also know,
But why make nest of steel?
It might be cool for summer use,
But never soft could feel.

The parent birds must watch their young,
Just as they watched their eggs;
But when the birds sit on their nest
Will watch-springs cut their legs?

If in the watches of the night
The birds awake should keep,
The keen, sharp edges of the springs
Would thus prevent their sleep.

Perhaps this merry pair of birds
Were only seeking fun,
And therefore slyly chose such things
To give a chance to pun.

Hope springs eternal in the breast,
A noble writer says.
But watch-springs sticking in the chest
Must stop the poor bird's lays.

The wag-tails thus a waggish tale
Have given to the world.
Perhaps they thought the springs were hair
Because they found them curled.

Watch-springs, of course, move nests of wheels
In golden cases chased.
But in this case there was no case,
The nest was open-faced.

Watch-springs sometimes run down or break,
But birdies, don't despair!
Be quite at rest, they've placed your nest
In the Musée de Solaire.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR CHILDREN

CHRIST the Saviour came from heaven
On an errand God had planned,
Bearing in His hand salvation
To the souls of every land.
All the world looked for His coming,
Even Gentiles from afar,
Eastern Magi sought His cradle
Guided thither by a star.

To this world of sin and sorrow
Still the Blessed Saviour comes,
Not to dwell in churches only,
But in lowly Christian homes,
From which daily prayer and praises
To the heavenly Father rise,
There He makes His constant dwelling,
Looking out with loving eyes.

In the heart of child and parent,
In the mind of young and old,
Dwells the love that passeth knowledge,
Sweetest story ever told.

For the Lord of earth and heaven
Gave Himself with purpose free,
That from selfish thoughts and actions
He might rescue you and me.

CHORUS:

Let us, then, lift up our voices!
Let us sing our hymns of praise!
Be obedient to His precepts,
Serve Him all our length of days.
The Lord Jesus loves all children,
Once a little child was He,
When on earth He said in welcome:
"Suffer them to come to me."

THE WAY OF LIFE

SUNRISE and pearly sky,
White gulls hovering by,
Chilly blows the winter breeze,
Stirring waves and bending trees.

Sunset and silver sea,
Cloudpath to eternity.
Thank God the golden gleams
Fill the vision of our dreams.

CONTENTMENT

A heart that can pray, a mind that likes
play,
A bit to give 'way, and three meals a day.

* * * * *

So rang the boatman's rowing song upon the
evening air,

While in the distance Christ Church bells rang
out the call to prayer.

The words brought comfort to my heart while
prostrate on my bed,

Telling a truth all hearts should know, repelling
fears ahead.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that
little long."

So sang the poet years ago, so taught the boat-
man's song.

For, many things we strive to reach we do not
really need,

Yet hurry, restless in the chase, fearing we can't
succeed.

From year to year we wander on, uneasy and
perplexed,

Like Will-o-wisps. When objects change they
always keep us vexed.

The present is the best of times, today the best
of days,
Our friends the best of comrades; their praise the
greatest praise.

“Enough is good as any feast,” so runs the
proverb old,
Good appetite and vigorous health are more than
mines of gold.

A nature that is always young, a love for song
and mirth,
Is worth a kingdom to the soul to make it king
of earth.

A heart which out of poverty delights to give its
mite,
Is by the tie of sympathy kept jubilant and
bright.

Yes, money, knowledge, honor, all things for
which we fret,
Are never worth one-half the cost, if, after, we
forget

That character and manhood is the goal for which
to strive,
For character's the only thing that keeps the soul
alive.

Not what we have, but what we are, is of supreme
portent,
A noble soul, a humble mind, give peace and
sweet content.

* * * * *

A heart that can pray, a mind that likes
play,
A bit to give 'way, and three meals a day.

PRAYER FOR VICTORY AND CONFIDENCE IN 1917 A. D.

BRAVE Belgium kept her plighted oath and
stopped the fierce advance
Till France could arm her gallant troops and bar
the path at Ranse.
From north and south her soldiers came from
every walk and class,
The Belgian challenge rang again with the
French: "Ye shall not pass."
And meanwhile on the seven seas, secure in island
home,
Great Britain's cannon thundered forth: "Further
ye shall not come."
The Germany of art and song, peaceful, loving,
grand,

Was forced to war by rulers who betrayed their
Fatherland.
And when with long prepared troops the hosts
attacked with strength
They met allied resistance which stopped their
course at length.
At Marne, Verdun, Cambrai, they met defeat to
boastful pride,
Where Belgians, French and Englishmen fought
bravely side by side.
Roumania, Serbia, Russia, had by traitors been
betrayed,
But joined with Italy and Greece, against the
Turks gave aid.
When thundering came a cheering shout from far
across the main,
From a hundred million freemen who naught
through war would gain.
They fought beneath the stars and stripes, and
raised the banner high.
They promised for democracy to conquer or to
die.
God bless our boys on land and sea, who help
this war to win!
There's nothing else but victory, now America
is in!

OLD AGE THE BEST

THE best gifts of God's providence
Are kept until the last.
Though hope inspire when we commence,
Yet, when our youth is past,
We softly muse ere we go hence
On years which sped so fast.

Fond memory brings happiness
If we God's hand can see
In times of peace and hours of stress
Still guiding patiently,
While ever striving us to bless
And from all dangers free.

The course which seemed once ill-advised
With wisdom proves complete,
When once God's plan is realized
Our losses will seem sweet.
And even illnesses be prized
When resting at His feet.

Then nothing ever happens wrong
Because God orders all.
The night of tears, the morn of song,
We would not now recall,
But trust the love so wise and strong
Which marks the sparrow's fall.

THE ENGLISHMAN

WHEN thousands you see at old Charing
Cross and the crowds who throng the Strand,
There's something in their looks and speech
which strengthens heart and hand.
It is not the motley clothes they wear, or the
things they say or do;
But it's something in the folks themselves that
stirs you through and through.

It is not their words which are often crude; it is
not that they're finely dressed;
Through lack of high wage with which England's
plagued their homes are not always the best.
But nevertheless there's a nobleness that shines
through their casement of clay;
They are truehearted souls trying hard to live as
each night they kneel and pray.

They may seem cold and they may speak quick,
and they may resent proud looks,
But many are solving the problems of life, with
the aid of the Book of books,
Some doubt its truth and some doubt themselves,
but all have some plan of life;
For children, for parents, for some cause they
hold true, they are fighting in unselfish strife.

Though many have darkened no church door in
years, love to God and to man still attract,
It cannot be hid, for its rules every act, through
faith they are faithful in fact.

God bless silent Britons, and Scotch laddies, too,
scan well and find fault if you can;

And the Welsh and the Irish to honor true, make
the composite Englishman.

He should wear neater clothes and should go to
church, but he never leaves chums in the
lurch.

When accosted, perhaps he's short in reply, but
gives his last pence to stop a child's cry,

He shows his worst side and disclaims being good,
but goes to bed hungry so the starving have
food;

I want others to see the honor that's his: I wish
he might see himself as he is.

* * * * *

We're most of us rated for more than
we're worth;

But the everyday Briton is the salt of
the earth.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

HOW well do I remember
That night in dark November.
All the day I had been yearning
For my hearthfire brightly burning,
For the eve when I'd be sitting
Ended all sick calls and flitting,
And no one their pastor needing,
I could find my rest in reading.

Now I'd eaten my repast
And the hour had come at last
When in study coat and sandals
I was deep in "Old Court Scandals,"
So much interest provoking
That I'd quite forgotten smoking,
Thinking of old time conditions
And the manifold ambitions;
Of the jealousies and talents
Of the ancient dames and gallants,
Of intrigues and hatreds cruel
Ending oft in bloody duel;
Of the plotting and the courting,
Of the feasting and the sporting;
Of the wigs and powdered faces,
Costly ruffs and wondrous laces,

Of the jokes of king and peasant,
And the badinage so pleasant,
In a world where all seemed playing
And 'twas always Spring and Maying.

Then I suddenly stopped dreaming,
Gone was all the world of seeming,
My whole frame was chilly shaken,
I could hardly be mistaken;
'Twas a strange and fearsome feeling
As of someone slowly stealing,
Stealing from some place unbidden
And though from my eyesight hidden
And not wanted nor invited
From the corners, not lamplighted,
Of my room was viewing me.
Up I sprang with nervous quivers
While my back was bent with shivers;
Gone were kings and queens and courtiers,
While my eyes glanced through the portieres,
Toward my bedroom's balcony.

Surely I was not mistaken,
They were being gently shaken,
Hiding from my eyes, concealed
Would a vampire be revealed?
Yes, no longer now uncertain,
Something moved behind the curtain,

Even while I stared and listened
Something white and shining glistened,
Then like lightning disappeared;
I scarce knew just what I feared!
But all strength of mind and muscle
Seemed to vanish with that rustle.
All blood in my veins congealed
And I felt my doom was sealed.

I was not afraid of dying,
But behind those curtains spying
Was some horrid shape uncanny
Whether demon, beast or man, he
Was not welcome at this hour.
Had a suppliant come to beg me,
Or a devil come to plague me?
Was it ghost from graveyard risen?
Or a soul from hell's dark prison?
Had I sinned in my profession?
Had he come to force confession,
Come to force full reparation,
Challenging my reputation,
Was there naught to check his power?

But just then to my amazement
The strong wind blew wide my casement
And the light from out my lamp.
My poor heart could stand no more.

A thunderstorm was rising
Also what was not surprising
My numb hands were cold and damp.
Something strange brushed madly by me,
Sent perhaps by Fate to try me,
The dark lamp crashed to the floor.

While no coward in life's battle,
Yet my teeth began to rattle.
I could hear the harpy stirring
With a sound like wings awhirring,
But knew not what the presence was or why.
Then with fearful crash and smashes,
Carrying off with it the sashes,
Dashed out to the rain-drenched sky.

When at length I dared to do it,
Fearful lest I fain would rue it,
And at last to light was able
Candelabras on my table,
Naught was seen but broken glass.
The wingéd presence had departed.
But I now am oft faint-hearted
With a dread and fear exquisite
When I still recall this visit
Of that which brushed me as I felt it pass.

Many years have since then vanished
But the question is not banished,
Who the midnight stranger that disturbed my
rest?

Did some owl fly through the gable,
Knock the lamp from off the table,
And excite my mind from customary calm?
Or was it admonition
To improve my soul's condition,
To devote more hours each day to prayer and
psalm?

Not to read the "Ancient Scandals"
Nor the wars of Moors and Vandals.
Let us all act very chary on
Bringing forth what is but carrion,
And but gather from the past the very best.

Who was this appalling stranger,
Demon, dragon, breathing danger?
Was it not a final warning
No such peril to be scorning,
But reform with true repentance
Ere should fall some awful sentence?

The tale is told. It happened so.
What it meant I will never know.

L'ENVOI

“IF you speak of the devil he soon appears.”
This comes down to us through many years.
If devilish books you read at night
Expect an imp before daylight.
Then you will look as your friends will say
“Just like Old Nick,” yourself, next day.

THE GOLDEN AGE AHEAD

THE world is growing better fast, yes, better
every day.
Ten thousand daily happenings show the King is
on His way.
Old prejudices, grudges, fears, race hatred, mur-
derous war,
Are vanishing like mists of morn to plague man-
kind no more.
To fight against disease of mind, of body and of
soul,
Is man's great knightly call today; his glory,
self-control.
His deadly duels are with self, while service
makes him great,
His highest goal to serve his God, his neighbor
and the State.

THY KINGDOM COME

THE Golden Age so long foretold is drawing
near at hand;
When golden thoughts shall fill all minds and
golden deeds each land.
We sing of golden harps in heaven and golden
streets on high,
But now we pray "Thy Kingdom come" right
here, before we die.
To do to others as ye would that men should do
to you,
Will bring the Kingdom down to earth, and make
these words come true.

CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY

LET every day be Christmas Day! " said a
little child to me.
"It may be so," I answered, "if you do this
faithfully."

Each night before you go to sleep, when you say
your bedtime prayer,
Ask Jesus Christ to come to you; His Spirit will
be there.

As at Christmas Eve in Bethlehem stars shone
on God's dear Son,
So every night each gleaming star shines brightly
down upon
Some little child who loves Him, fast asleep upon
his bed,
While angels watch and guard all night above
each slumbering head.
So every day will be Christmas Day, each morn
a Christmas morn,
Because the Son of God again in some child's
heart is born.

WHERE THE SUSQUEHANNA FLOWS

WHERE the Susquehanna flows,
Where the Susquehanna flows,
From its northern lake unto the salted sea,
Summer's laurel and wild rose,
Winter's moonlight nights and snows,
In each season it is home, sweet home to me.

From Otsego, Glimmer-glass,
It issues forth to pass
Through the center of the noble Empire State,
Through Pennsylvania south,
It goes onward to its mouth,
Till in Maryland we see it terminate.

Three States may claim its length,
Three branches give it strength.

Threescore cities cluster in its fertile vales.
It cuts through mountain chains
And is fed by brooks and rains,
And it blesses with a flow which never fails.

It is broad, and blue and swift,
It is God's own precious gift,
Deer and cattle in its waters slake their thirst.
Feathered wildfowl in it sport,
Varied fish of every sort,
Loved by redmen and white settlers from the
first.

Then let all men hymn its praise!
It gives help in many ways
To the noble men and women on each shore.
We will lift our voice and sing,
And deserved tribute bring,
Lauding Susquehanna River, evermore.

PROGRESS

PRIMAL age of darkness, illness, dread,
With men half warmed, half clothed, half fed,
Untaught, uncouth, with uncooked food,
No home and sleeping where they could;

The woman, slave of strongest man,
Shields child and self as best she can.
No laws, no peace, no ease, no rest,
By "thunder and lightning"-dread, oppressed.

But the mind of man was not satisfied,
To protect his home he thought and tried.
War clubs gave way to bow and spear,
He made wheels to bring the great logs near.
By rubbing wood made fires to burn,
To warm his hut and cooking learn.
Lake dwellings were built to keep off foes,
Though useless in winter's ice and snows.

Men gathered in villages, groups and clans,
Each hand against every other man's.
They had little comfort, peace or wealth,
And what culture they had was gained by stealth.
Thank God that day is forever past,
Isolation is gone and humanity massed.
Man to brother man has joined his strength.
What once were dreams have come true at length.
Night now in great cities is light as day;
Through science e'en leprosy's passing away.
Now surgery almost makes dead folks alive,
And little blind children to see and to thrive.

II

Pterodactyles and vultures, great kings of the air,
Are gone, and birdmen the whole heavens share.

The morning gun fired when the flag is unfurled,
Is heard by radio all round the world.

A photograph distant four thousand miles
In a day is wired, showing frowns or smiles.
With mile-speed a minute, trains rush through all
lands,

Great steamships are steered by one pair of hands.

Many cables flash messages under the seas,
And paper is made from the wood of the trees.
As primitive man fought off beasts of the wild,
So now all is wrought for the woman and child.
The Child and the Mother, the theme of Church
art,

And Mother, wife, daughter still rule the world's
heart.

Each century aids in making life better,
Great souls giving life, the mind to unfetter.

Future wars will be fought against death, not our
brothers,

The world's motto be, "Not for self but for
others."

Some day when mature and to full stature grown,
Mankind for the past perhaps will atone,
Will laugh at war drums and the noise of battle,
As adults now smile at an infant's prattle;
And will call them worthy of greatest glory
Who for science faced death in the laboratory.

The men who brought to us greatest health,
Although it never would bring them wealth,
The men who gave their strength and years,
To conquer pain, dry children's tears,
With test tubes, X-rays, electricity, radium,
Fought disease and death in some science stadium,

* * * * *

Let us celebrate, then, of these the birth;
They are the kingliest souls on earth,
Who wrought their task with toil and fret,
The whole grateful world is in their debt.

WHY?

ALL day long I have been thinking
Just of you—I wonder why.
What to you is my mind linking?
Are you ill? Send quick reply.

Twenty times your face has blessed me
Busied at my daily task.
Your sad smile, too, has possessed me,
For your eyes a question ask.

Is there anything I should do
To relieve or change your lot?
Does your need suggest I could do
Aught at this far distant spot?

We've been friends for many years,
None can break that friendship now.
I would save you any tears.
Let me help you—show me how!

A BOOKWORM'S BALLADE

NOW the days grow short and the nights are
long,

And the cold each morn frosts the window pane,
But when winter winds blow bitter and strong,
The time has come for the Book King's reign.

When the skies are blue, and each road and lane
Invite to view the flowery mead,
We take our outings o'er hill and plain;
But now, thank God, for a chance to read.

Spring buds are fragrant, the birds give song,
And soothing the fall of the summer rain;
But when Nature is bound by an icy thong,
The time has come for the Book King's reign.

Then the snow-clad woods invite us in vain,
While the books on our shelves successfully
plead;
Green woods and fields held our thoughts in
chain;
But now, thank God, for a chance to read.

Some books praise virtue, condemning the wrong,
There are books that teach and the truth
explain,
And now when you find that to these you belong,
The time has come for the Book King's reign.

You need not protest nor in pride acclaim;
Your love for outings we all concede;
You have travelled by land and on billowy main,
But now, thank God, for a chance to read.

L'ENVOI

WITH book in hand care knocks in vain;
The time has come for the Book King's reign;
For summer with outings supplied our need,
But now, thank God, for a chance to read.

THE BEND OF THE BROOK

A BROOK with banks of grass
White dogwood hanging over,
A sloping meadow flecked
With buttercups and clover;

Sandpipers mincing by
To each other softly calling,
A dove's note far away,
The sound of cascades falling;

While giant oaks above
Spread wide their branches hoary;
These make a picture sweet
Crowned full with spring tide glory.

LIFE A CHAIN OF ACTS

WAKE up! Look up! Undertake!
Alert, courageous, begin!
To do naught is the fatal mistake,
To sit still, the unpardonable sin.

A deed excels power of speech,
An act means more than mere word,
Strength to do is given to each,
To carry out what he has heard.

What we are is what we have been,
What we say is what we have thought,
The things by our choice heard and seen,
Together make us—and they ought.

MOST BEAUTIFUL

I THOUGHT I knew you long ago when first
in youth we met,
Your winsomeness and beauty I can never quite
forget.
But as the years have hastened on, your charm
has grown in truth,
You are sweeter, more entrancing, than you were
in early youth.

Old Father Time bestows each year some added
charm or grace,
Rounds out your youthful figure, adding beauty
to your face.
Your voice has now a richer tone of softness and
appeal,
The kindness in your smile betrays the sympathy
you feel.

Those who have loved you formerly must now
admire you more,
Your words are bright and witty, but the thing
we most adore
Is that you still have kept your faith and in
others see no wrong,
You ever cheer discouraged hearts and turn their
grief to song.

You made it easier to do right by truth and
beauty wed,
Have helped even more by what you are than by
the words you've said,
So gentle and unselfish, God's gifts you have
deserved,
May health and joy attend your way, your life
be long preserved!

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

○ MOTHER, anxious mother, with your children playing near,
Afraid that harm may come to them, so heedless
yet so dear.
And worried, too, lest hurt befall through mishap
or disease,
While praying God to guide them in ways which
would Him please.

Dear heart, because a saint you are, the things
you do and say
Will leave a stamp indelible that naught can take
away.
When full of years you've gone to rest, the children who survive
Will not forget the messages you gave them when
alive.

You mothers are eternal. To us you never die.
Your children love you well on earth, but more
when passed on high.
The music of your voice, your smile, your loving
sympathy,
Control our hearts and minds through life, shape
our eternity.

WAITING FOR HER

IT is over a year since she passed away,
My sweet little girl so brave;
Our hearts will still ache for many a day,
Though the grass grows green on her grave.

Now her clothes orphans wear, use her small high
chair,
Crippled children were given her toys,
While everything else in a trunk up the stair
Is hid lest we think of past joys.

There is one constant chum who will not forget
The sweet little Pom, her best friend,
Who watched for her then and waits for her yet,
And will not cease watch till life's end.

On the staircase step inside the front door
He sits from morning till night,
Awaiting the voice he will never hear more,
Or the sound of her footsteps so light.

His eyes question mine as he sits in my lap,
Such a wee little mite of brown fur,
And I hug to my breast the sad little chap
Whose heart beats so truly for her.

His poor little brain will now never know why
His sweetheart so long stays away.
Some day there will come his own turn to die,
And to cease from his watch night and day.

We will cover him up in the blanket she bought,
In the grave where they never will part,
Then leave him to rest by the mistress he sought,
The one love of his faithful wee heart.

FATHER AND SON

Y OUR brave son was killed and interred at
the front."

Was all that the message said.
My poor shocked heart must bear the whole
brunt,
For his mother has long been dead.

I thought of the time when a wee little child
Lifted high in my arms overhead,
He cried, "Daddy, more!" and looking down
smiled,
His little hands gaily outspread.

He's in France, "No man's land," so dreary and
bare,
Shrapnel-swept, where no one can live,
Swiftly buried, perhaps without chaplain or
prayer,
He gave life. What more could he give?

Sometimes I can smile, but more often I cry,
When I think of that far distant grave.
Why was my boy killed? O God, tell me why!
He was all that I had, and so brave.

His mother in heaven was spared all this pain,
With surprise would she see her boy come?
Did he hasten to meet her the night he was slain,
And tell her of me and of home?

It may be right he should go, be best he should
die.

But his faint voice I hear as of yore:
"Put your hands up in prayer, she and I are both
nigh,
Look up, Daddy dear, more and more!"

THE SNOWBIRD

WEARILY trudging the lonely road through
the whirling, drifting snow,
With stumbling steps and strength all spent, a
wearied traveler went.
Benumbed with cold, tired out and old, he could
no longer go;
No house in sight, all round snow white, to a
cedar his steps he bent.

All clothed in sparkling Christmas sheen, like
trees in childhood seen,
He sat among its boughs with thoughts, of days
when he was young.
And passed away in sleep to where the fields are
ever green,
The home where sorrow never comes by saints
and angels sung.

At sunrise next day yokels going that way, found
him sitting there back 'gainst a tree,
With snow o'er his limbs like a coverlet spread,
and evergreens circling his head.
They lifted him, almost inclined to flee, when
whirring a snowbird flew free,
To their frightened minds 'twas the spirit fled
of the man they had just found dead.

When winter rages and icy blasts, drive birds to
southern flight,

The snowbirds seek the evergreens, for refuge
from the storm.

They build their nests and raise their young
while all is bleak and white,

They chirp and sing and happy seem, as though
it were spring and warm.

So the legend goes; 'twas for such as those, God
made His evergreen trees,

The cedar, the spruce, the hemlock and pine,
from whose shelter they must not stir;

Rhododendron, laurel, holly and box, winter's
coldest breeze could not freeze,

The wild deer, the hare, and all birds gather
there—God's refuge for feather and fur.

SAINTS

YOU say you never saw a saint!

Why I meet many such.

Not all are free from sin's fell taint,

But all have power to touch

My mind and heart in some strange way,

So when I leave each side

The chiefest thing for which I pray

Is to be sanctified.

They are not perfect, but commend
The life of Christ to all.
My soul they charm, my will they bend
To heed my Master's call.
Dear human saints, your fight with sin
Gives power with God and man,
With you as comrades we'll begin
Because you've won, we can.

The hunchback boy too proud to weep,
The blind man who can smile,
Those whose dear sons in Flanders sleep,
The deaf who help awhile.
These are true saints, each day and hour
Small things are sacrificed,
Both words and acts give evidence
They follow Jesus Christ.

IN THE HOME OF THE BLIND

IN the Home for the Blind today
The inmates though sightless were glad.
They danced and laughed and sang at their play,
And smiled while they wove in a skilful way.
Pitied me that I never such work had had.
In the Home of the Blind today
The inmates though sightless were glad.

ST. PAUL'S—BLOOMSBURG

January 25th, 1923

1790—1923

THE century and thirty years which we celebrate today
All join in with the present; they have not passed away.
Each Christly act in all these years God knows
and knows the cost,
From the first Log Church to present fane, there's
nothing has been lost.

The list of those baptized, confirmed and wedded
in this shrine,
Those buried, when with broken hearts, you
prayed, "God make them thine."
Each prayer here said and solemn vow to lead
a better life,
Are recorded by angelic hands in God's great
Book of Life.

Not what you kept but what you gave to spread
His Gospel true,
The efforts you put forth to save and help men
start anew,

Your better selves in Christly deeds are here
enshrined and kept,
The records of the faithful few who worked
while others slept.

The noble pastors of the flock have mostly
passed to rest,
Now joined again in Paradise with those they
loved the best.

Present or past there is but one great army of
Our Lord,
Which fought this fight or still today serve Christ
with glad accord.

Under the banner of St. Paul these last years all
excel.

God bless both priest and people, loud let the
anthem swell!

Heaven grant its choicest blessings for this your
natal day,

And may the Peace of God be yours both now
and e'en for aye!

THE RAINY DAY

THE gray rain falls on the window pane
And my thoughts are also gray.
It patters and patters again and again,
Lightly tapping as though in play.

The leaves have fallen and cover the earth
With carpet of brown and red;
The trees stand bare until spring's new birth.
The grass and the flowers seem dead.

The cattle sought shelter in early morn,
All song birds have left the land;
The ashen sky and the chill wind warn
That winter is close at hand.

A misty veil swathes both sun and moon,
The roadside ditches run deep.
The dawn comes late and the dusk comes soon
As though all the world sought sleep.

But I in my study am far away
In the land of springtime light.
Where the scent of flowers prompts fancy's play
And my heart sings with music bright.

The dreary day makes home comforts dear,
And the fire on the hearth more glad.
The call of books and their strong appeal
Like the genii of Allahabad

Have power in a moment to change the scene
To tropical waters blue,
Just as your portrait over my screen
Gives me joy for your friendship true.

SEEKING THE BRIGHT SIDE

KEEP your back to the darkness,
Turn your face to the light,
Behind you fall the shadows,
Before you all is bright.

Say not "it is like winter"
On the first chill day of fall,
Even the cold is bracing
And soon gone after all.

When sultry in the summer
Do not fret at the heat,
There is always a shady side
To each and every street.

If you are single be cheerful,
If married, then be glad,
If widowed still be thankful
For the love that you have had.

No lot can be so lonely
But might have been much worse,
So look on the bright side always
And never on the reverse.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE Armistice must not mean merely truce,
But peace which can evoke no other war,
A strongbound League of Nations will conduce
To binding peace which all the world hopes for.
Is it too great a vision? God is kind,
All men should live as brothers day by day,
Some time the right solution men will find,
The peace which lasts forever—as we pray.
The League by force can keep the world in awe,
But lasting peace is not maintained by law.

This is the world's fruition. This its best,
The prophet's vision and the sage's dream,
Justice to all; a power none dare contest,
A court of equity with might supreme.
No scheme to favor vice at virtue's cost,
Or give the indolent and worthless, wage,
But Christian law based on the Golden Rule,
With ancient wisdom gathered in this age,
Plan not for present, but for future peace,
When war, revenge and enmity shall cease.

CHANGING FORTUNES

A MISFORTUNE well borne is good fortune
instead,
With high spirit undaunted, go on straight ahead.
Time and conditions can never control
The man who is master and rules his own soul.
Trust in God! Do the right! Keep brave and
alert!
Let no thought of fear stop you! God guard you
from hurt!

THE LORD IS IN HIS SPRINGTIME TEMPLE

(In a Government Seed Warehouse)

I WAS in the greatest throne of power on earth;
Seeds without number, waiting burial to grow.
All silence, neither sound of spring nor harvest
mirth,
I was in the greatest throne of power on earth.
Where grain, bulbs and flowers impatient for new
birth,
Bide God's good time their strength and worth
to show.
I was in the greatest throne of power on earth;
Seeds without number waiting burial to grow.

STEPS OF FAITH'S LADDER

C HRIST and I:
Bye and bye:
When I die:
Tare or wheat?

Now I can
Live THY plan:
Be THY man—
Service sweet.

Steadfast now,
Keep my vow:
Help me THOU
Till we meet.

Then shall I
Up on high:
Dwell for aye
At THY feet.

Happy heart
Where THOU art:
Never part:
Loved ones greet.

Endless years.
No more fears,
No more tears.
All complete.

RIVERSIDE PARK, HARRISBURG

SAINT STEPHEN'S bell heard, but the
church not seen,
Hid by rows of tall trees where the grass is green,
A rippleless river with silver sheen
And wooded islands its banks between.

At evening the stars shining down below
Reflected again in the dark water's flow.
The bridge lights bright in long double row
And the flashing lamps of the cars as they go.

But the vesper hour is of all the best,
When one looks from the church tower toward
the west,
When day's work is over and night brings rest,
As the sun sinks down in its golden nest

Fort Washington looks like a mountain of flame,
The most northern point where Lee's army came.
Susquehanna, thy beauty puts others to shame,
Search the world over, where find you the same?

THORWALDSEN'S STATUES AND FLOWERS

FROM Italy's whitest marble carved by Thor-
waldsen the Great,
The Christ with His twelve Apostles came by
ship in regal state.
In spacious hall on pedestals where all could
view with awe
The Swedish people stood entranced when this
wondrous group they saw.

From that day on to this, they came with those
from many lands,
These masterpieces seem too fine to be wrought
by mortal hand.
But while such cold and snow-white forms were
beautiful to see
God's purpose wrought more beauty in another
way to be.

The statues packed in new-mown hay from
Roman marshes near,
Brought with them country wild-flower seeds
which bloomed again next year.
Of varied hues and fragrance they were prized
in this Northland,
And many sought them for their homes and
planted them by hand.

And so all Sweden bloomed with joy brought by
the Christ of God,
And in gardens and green meadows brightest
blooms bedeck the sod.
Christ gives religion to the soul, and with the
faith comes joy,
The Church gives peace and also life and love
without alloy.
The white Christ and apostles kept the Swedes
from death and fear,
And the flowers which thronged about His feet
spread beauty far and near.

* * * * *

All over the Northland from that day
Flowers sprang up in a wonderful way,
Blown by the winds from the Roman hay.
The Statues stand on bases high
And thousands view them with reverent eye,
But the snow white marble is cold and stern,
And no one's heart is warmed to burn.
But through all the land by palace and cot
Bright colored blooms brighten each plot.
Wherever you journey or walk or drive,
The old North soil with flowers is alive.
The snows of winter on vale or hill
Have not been able the seeds to kill.
Thorwaldsen today is less widely known
For his statues, than for his flowers grown.

WAR

A WAR was declared by a monarch's command
And its armies gathered from all the land;
While cannon roared in chorus grand
Each charge sent out by a soldier's hand,
And each shot which hit, killed two.

One shot hit the soldier boy or man,
Who led the attack in the army's van,
And when through his heart the bullet ran
His mother's heart broke, as mothers' hearts can,
When her boy's, was piercéd through.

Though far away from the battle's roar,
When the postman knocked at her humble door,
And a letter to her the message bore,
With a gasp and a moan she fell to the floor:
But the monarch cared not, nor knew.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS

THE problems of our life seem large
And human brains are weak,
Some duties given to our charge
The bravest would not seek.

We are assigned to things of earth,
To live and learn as man,
Develop souls of greater worth
And fall in with God's plan.

It must be right to do the right,
For truth and honor stand.
And act the part of brave Sir Knight
With ready heart and hand.

Blest is the man who, always kind,
From selfishness set free,
Can with contentment rule his mind
And welcome God's decree.

We work, but God works through us, too,
Our hands and feet obey,
We give to Him the honor due,
Rejoicing that we may.

Our doubts and fears are solved by Him,
Life's problems are His, too,
His loving eye is never dim
And guides life's pathway through.

THE OAK AND THE SPRING

A SPRING bubbled forth at the side of a hill,
Where a great oak over it spread,
The rootlets all summer could drink their fill
For winter they made her bed.

In springtime the birds built their nests in the tree,
And drank of the spring at its foot,
Or piped their love lays through the long summer
days
Perched up on some old gnarly root.

The spring loved the oak and the oak loved the
spring,
As a father might love a child,
He sang her to sleep with a lullaby deep,
Dark nights when the wind blew wild.

As a daughter she always looked up at the tree,
And laughed with her rippling lips,
Whence a brook flowed down through village and
town
To the far away sea with its ships.

When her prattle he heard his old heart was stirred
And he bent down over her face,
While with branches long and with rootlets strong
He held her in his embrace.

WAR LESSONS

BLACK war, I loathe thee, child of death and
hell,

Yet hast thou taught new love to God and man.
Through thee, heart sore, I know my own soul
well,

Once self, I could not sacrifice, but now can.

Our daily routine shrivels up man's life,
So small and selfish, fleeing pain and loss.
Yet when our boys gun-laden marched in strife,
Each back bore up the semblance of a cross.

But not the whole the soldier-sailor bore:
More of its weight remained with those at
home,
With wife and child at aged parent's door
Mourning his absence, fearing he would never
come.

THE CHILD AND THE MAN

HOW far is my life from my boyhood's plan
Which aimed at highest worth!
How have I met the problems of life
While toying with things of earth?

Was the vision given me to be lost?
Must ideals wane with years?
Should manhood always count the cost
Or have faith which knows no fears?

Must fleshly lust and earthly strife
Mar the babe so pure and mild?
Must love of self and the pride of life
Contaminate each child?

Can the Church not form as well as reform?
Must there always prodigals be?
Can a child's pure soul never pass the storm
Still chaste as at mother's knee?

O God! help the Church to proclaim the fact
That her greatest battle in truth
Is to teach mankind to keep intact
The ideals formed in youth.

CHEER UP!

YOU should think it wrong to be looking so
blue.

Cheer up, my friend, cheer up!
Lift your voice in a song, it's the best way to do,
Cheer up, my friend, cheer up!

There's no pain so bad as to drive to despair;
Cheer up, old friend, cheer up!
There is much to make glad; cast away brooding
care.
Cheer up, old friend, cheer up!

You have met with a loss and your heart is
downcast,
Cheer up, good friend, cheer up!
Each life has its cross in the present or past,
Cheer up, good friend, cheer up!

For the cross nobly borne brings the joy of the
crown,
Cheer up, brave friend, cheer up!
After midnight comes morn, light to spirits bowed
down,
Cheer up, brave friend, cheer up!

There is no cloud so black but its lining may
shine,

Cheer up, wise friend, cheer up!

Let that go which you lack, it's no use to repine,

Cheer up, wise friend, cheer up!

Just forget your own ills and remember your
friends,

Cheer up, true friend, cheer up!

It is fretting that kills, giving help comfort lends,

Cheer up, true friend, cheer up!

Life's so short, as you know, worry does not pay,

Cheer up, dear friend, cheer up!

You will find it so, so at the end of the day,

Cheer up, dear friend, cheer up!

STARS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN

P RATTLING children round the hearth,
Twinkling stars on high,
These the stars of poor old earth,
Those infants of the sky.

These look up and smile by day,

Those smile down by night,

These by death enticed away,

Those dimmed by morning light.

These so weak and helpless seem,
Those so strong and grand,
These make glad and happy homes,
Those light every land.

A Babe God sent to show His love,
A star shone at His birth,
And now both turn our thoughts above
And lighten our dull earth.

CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE

NOT transported by joy, not cast down by
despair,
Ever sanely pursuing your way;
No grief can destroy the soul which loves prayer
And lives close to Christ day by day.

With Christ in the heart and the Spirit to guide,
And trusting the Father's great love,
Satan's deadliest darts will be turned aside
Till we reach the glad homeland above.

So rest in the Lord and go quietly on.
Your path is God-chosen and right;
Let His peace afford you comfort and song,
As you walk through the darkness to light.

PAWLING CAMP

I KNOW a little place on the mountain top
With no other houses near.
It faces the valley south by west
Sunny-warm when spring is here.

A bubbling spring from under a rock
Pours out a crystal stream.
Under the eaves the swallows build,
A-wing till the sun's last beam.

Gnarled apple trees and pears and quince
Offer their fruit to eat.
Wild strawberries and blackberries,
Fox grapes with odor sweet.

Behind, the hill all overspread
With pines and cedars green;
Before, the wooded valley drops
To pond and silvery stream.

When tired with fishing, drives and tramps,
At night I sat to rest
The windows glowed like golden lamps
As the sun sank in the west.

I am far away from the cottage now—
The hillside mountain shack,
But still I often think of how
It soothed and still woos me back.

FOOLISH FEARS

JUST over the river they wait for me,
The loved ones gone before,
If but their faces I once could see
I would surely doubt no more.

Perhaps there are times when faith grows small,
And we wonder if God still cares;
If the future life is a dream after all,
With no one to hear our prayers?

Disbelief in God makes the spirit weak,
Distrust of self stunts the mind,
But the kingdom of heaven is there to seek,
And those who seek shall find.

Who makes the earth and the planets move?
Who gives us life and strength?
Through faith we believe in a God of love;
And rest firm in Christ at length.

UNION THROUGH PRAYER

I HAD a friend, a saintly man I thought;
My almost *alter ego*, second self.
And he to me once made confession thus:

“ I loved a maiden once, too pure for earth;
I revered her as near divinity,
As one who lived apart from sordid things;
Too young when mother’s death brought many
 cares,
But full of Christian character and faith.
One day I heard she’d wed, and I was shocked
To think another should presume to love
Where I had held my heart in check for years.
Unworthy, I at least could sympathize
With her high aims and most unselfish mind;
At least I humbly craved to reach her height.
She would have helped me, nor I retarded her,
But far below have cheered her saintlike life.”
He stopped.

“ And now,” said I, “ what wish you,
 friend? ”

“ Why,” he replied, “ should aught prevent my
 prayers?

Prayers for her children, for herself and him?
I know she prays for them as mothers do,
And so in prayer I feel at one with her.
I beg that she, her husband and her babes
May all attain the summit peaks of joy.
When, as the Scripture says, all secrets stand
 revealed,
I do not think that she or hers will grieve
To learn a friend from youth had blessed her
 way."

And I, moved deeply, said: "Fond friend, pray
 on.
God grant your prayers are answered for you
 both!
In heaven, if not before, she'll understand.
And I will also offer prayer for you
That such unselfish love may last for aye."

HOPE CROWNS LIFE

II S life more pain than pleasure, who can tell
 Until for us the end has come at last?
 We only know the days that now are past.
The future tempts us with its magic spell.

Life but suggests the joys it cannot tell,
That what is sought shall after all be found
When safe in heaven whither we are bound;
That all our troubles will be ended well.

Thank God for future hope which gives us joy,
Though not yet come, the pleasure is in store,
Our hearts with faith look forward more and
more,
With trust in Christ that nothing can destroy.

* * * * *

So, to the hopeful, life is ever blest;
Service is joy, and childlike faith brings rest.

SEEN AND UNSEEN

I SEE the tall trees rising top after top
Like waves upon ocean's breast,
I see the long grass and field flowers gay
As they cover the far hill's crest.

I see fleecy clouds in the sky overhead,
The lake with its silvery sheen,
The cattle at rest in a green pasture lot,
With birds flying slowly between.

But I look for the forms which I cannot see,
The spirits of those gone before,
The faces whose smiles haunt us the whiles,
Whose love filled the days of yore.

There are angels of God passing silently by
On missions of mercy and aid,
Who, not like our lost, with tears paid life's cost,
But prompted our thoughts when we prayed.

The Father holds all in His thoughtful care—
The living, our dead, the angel host.
Let all creation praise the name
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

STEADFAST

WHEN all the world's against you
And your best friends criticize,
When you try to honor—to be true,
Though none will sympathize,
'Tis wise to scan your whole life's course
With a calm, impartial eye,
To see if aught should cause remorse
When you are called to die.

If you should find self rules your thought
 'Tis time to change your way,
By your experience be taught,
 Reverse steps while you may.
Win back again love you have lost,
 Pity those who did you wrong,
Nor justice seek at too great cost,
 Bear blame with joyful song.

But if you feel that God approves,
 And you have done the right,
Down on your knees and ask Him, please,
 To strengthen for the fight.
“Woe unto you when all speak well,”
 Your Master said of yore,
Our lesser trials should compel,
 The thought He suffered more.

Let critics steal away our name
 And minimize our good,
We will walk calmly just the same,
 Forgive them as we should.
Whether our life be long or short,
 God knows and we do not.
We are His soldiers. Hold the fort!
 Thank God, for our happy lot!

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

One Hundredth Anniversary

September 10, 1913

MANY mighty ones have visited fair Newport
by the sea.

Many princes from the old world, too, who some
day kings would be;

But no grander name in all the list e'er has, or
yet may come,

Than the man we honor here today, who called
this city home.

The heroes of our own free land are those who've
served her best;

As kings should show their royalty by kingly
traits possessed.

Rhode Island has her patriots, who have won
her great renown,

But today the eyes of all our land are centered
on this town.

On this northern island reared and wed, on a
southern isle he died,

And at Put-in-Bay with untried men, brought
down Great Britain's pride.

“The enemy are ours,” he wrote, “To God all
glory be.

“Almighty God has given to us this signal
victory.”

O happy hero, brave and good, and true to God
and man,

We must not flee life's battle, but like thee do all
we can.

'Gainst might which crushes humble right, and
every form of ill

When duty orders “Forward march,” we may
not dare stand still.

From the Ocean to the Great Lakes, are duties to
be done,

Dread dangers and hard labors more, before the
battle's won.

So first among his brethren let noble Perry be,
But following him in sacrifice, there's room for
you and me.

Our country calls to all her sons to rally round
her flag,

And with the strong arm of the law meet anar-
chistic brag.

No foreign nation need we fear, while Perry's
fame shall last;
So strive to help your fellow man, and thank God
for the past.

Not in seafight or battlefield, but in the house
and street,
Show license is not liberty, to every man you
meet.
The good red blood which fills our veins should
make us brave and bold.
Our nation's praise to children left is better far
than gold.

The freedom handed down to us should be our
precious charge,
And every thought and every deed that freedom
should enlarge.
On every question which may rise, let all know
where you stand,
Prepared to fight and give up all, for God and
native land.

LITTLE SUNSHINE

HE was only a wee little boy
Who did not know much it is true,
But though bashful and coy,
He'd the secret of joy,
Not everyone knows it. Do you?

To him as to others full grown
Came annoyances many and mean;
Though the pain was his own,
Yet it never was shown
Not a tear on his face was e'er seen.

His laugh was so cheerful and glad,
If they spoke to him passing by,
So many when sad,
Lost the heartache they had,
When they caught the bright glance of his eye.

He'd laugh and he'd sing all the day
Yes, and smile in his sleep in the night.
Just to see him at play
Some went out of their way,
His look and his words were so bright.

From this little wee lad may we learn
To consider our lot always best,
To banish concern
And to happiness turn,
And in loving and serving find rest.

THE CLOUDS

THE clouds are floating across the sky,
The snow-white, the fleecy clouds;
And I lie dreaming with half-shut eye
A-watching the ship-like clouds.

The mountains green you can always find,
Tall pines and cliffs of rock;
Sweet dells with briar rose entwined
Flat mossy, fern-crowned rock.

The winding streamlet keeps its bed;
The noisy singing brook.
The still lake mirrors all o'erhead,
And gives herself to the brook.

The thatched cottages gray and white,
Change not from year to year.
New hands build fires but the smoke in our sight
Curls upward the same each year.

The small God's acre beneath the hill,
With cross-crowned spire and trees,
But teaches the lesson of "Peace, be still."
To rest content, as the trees.

'Tis only the clouds seem hasting on,
The foolish, racing clouds;
Today they are here, then there, anon,
Like gipsies, these homeless clouds.

Wild clouds, take a lesson from one who knows,
Yes, wandering, truant ones,
Keep close to your home, when the false wind
blows,
Beware its wiles, foolish ones.

Blow it south or blow north, blow it east or west,
Yon childlike clouds, little clouds;
The wind which blows homeward is ever the best,
Yes—both for men and for clouds.

VICTORY

W HETHER we can or cannot win, to our-
selves we must be true.
Both mind and heart seem to suggest, some things
we dare not do.

Though self-denial may be hard, Christ must our
lives control,
And we must serve the Lord our God with all our
strength and soul.
When mind and heart turn traitors and would the
soul dethrone,
We should take a firmer grip on God, and make
His will our own.
Sometimes temptation seems to make the enemy
prevail,
As knights we should fear sin, although prayer-
clad in coats of mail.
The greater fight to conquer self will lead us
bravely on,
When this has been accomplished, then the Vic-
tory is won.

PERPLEXED

AS I sit musing over my life
It seems like a chain of mistakes,
In striving for peace I have stirred up strife
And suffered for others' sakes.

Sometimes when trying to do the right
I found myself aiding the wrong,
And though I was girded for God's great fight
Have felt myself far from strong.

How oft when after anxious thought
And the choice of way was made,
Experience has quickly taught
That from the right path I had strayed.

No one can always win success,
But each can follow the right,
God's path may seem to promise less,
But it ends at His feet, at night.

For right is ever its own reward,
And God fights on our side,
He always wins who serves the Lord
And lists to the Church, His Bride.

THE WEARY PARSON

ALL day I have worked as hard as I may,
And am now going home in the train.
Three times I have preached and helped men pray,
I am tired in body and brain.

It is better to give than to receive,
If giving makes others strong,
When words and faith help men to believe,
And change their despair to song.

To treat as a brother each human soul,
To make life's lessons plain,
To point the way to the noblest goal,
Is certainly not in vain.

Though weary and worn I will not repine,
But rejoice for a day well spent,
If I failed I beg forgiveness divine,
For only the right was meant.

I am one day nearer this brief life's span
With the future pathway untrod,
I am yearning unending life to spend
In Heaven, with dear ones and God.

OLD AGE CROWNED

EACH babe and year are ushered into a stormy
world that's old,
Both covered with snow-white counterpanes, to
keep out frost and cold.
Then with many a prayer and nurse's care, the
child grows strong apace,
Trusting to father for food and clothes, looking
to mother's face.

The spring is our youthtime with romping and
play, and school till we come of age,
But all the time we must con our books, and
studies our thoughts engage.
The summer is courtship and marriage, with
provision for family needs,
Old age is our season of autumn, when fruit to
blossom succeeds.

Then comes the end of the year and of life, with
Christmastide hymns and glee,
'Tis winter, the happiest time of the year to the
children and to me.
Why do not our poets sing the glad facts, showing
life as it is in truth?
There is much more joy in hale old age than
there even was in youth.

With child illnesses many and school with its
tasks, youthful life was far from a song,
Each age which followed had worry and care,
which came as we passed along.
Then marriage, our children, our friends and
work, added duties and heavy cares
While pity and sympathy often were stirred, to
help others by gifts and prayers.

But now that the winter of life has come, these
burdens are cast aside,
This fruitage of life to which all the rest leads,
should be its crown and pride.

INDIAN SUMMER

AUTUMN! Fair maiden!
Welcome fruit-laden,
The busiest time of the year.
Spring changes each day,
Summer's heat forbids play,
Indian summer's the best of the year.

Air cool but not cold,
Leafage, bright red and gold,
No rain nor hot sun to impede,
No gnats and no flies,
Keep sleep from tired eyes,
Fields mowed and weeds gone to seed.

Every bush, every tree
Smiles welcome to me,
As I walk down the country lane.
Mountain ash, goldenrod,
Milkweed bursting pod,
Tiger lilies are blooming again.

Yon blackbird whistles
From purple thistles,
 Ripe hazel nuts lie on the ground,
Small sparrows twitter,
Swift finches flutter,
 There's joy and delight all around.

KEEP GOING

WHEN in most despondent state
Do not linger to mope and wait;
Learn to despise the fear you dread,
Keep moving on right straight ahead,
 Always keep going.

When clouds of life have almost burst,
And your affairs seem at their worst,
Brace yourself strongly against despair,
Fast fortify your will with prayer,
 And just keep going.

Though everything may still seem wrong,
You will not tarry very long;
For farther on is promised light
Where both the road and sky are bright,
 Only keep going.

When hope is lost and all you dare;
Drink deep of grace a double share;
Work with constant brave devotion,
Life's best slogan to my notion
Is "Keep on going!"

DOUBLY DEAR

YOU have two kinds of beauty,
Charm of body and of soul.
Your noble sense of duty
And pure mind perfect the whole.

Your smile is always kindly,
Your words ne'er have a sting.
Friends trust you fondly, blindly,
Because you comfort bring.

Your ideals are so lofty,
Your words well chosen, bright,
You speak so low and softly,
And all you say is right.

Why you should thus be doubly dear,
I'm sure I do not know.
I only write to tell you here
Just why I love you so.

FRIGHTENED FREDDY

O F Freddy fun was made
Because he was afraid
Of bears and ghosts and other horrid things:
He'd cry when in the dark,
Jump when smallest dog would bark:
His playmates called him "Coward" in their
flings.

One night when in his bed
With fright he was most dead,
For there was something scratching on the wall;
He was afraid to speak,
But gave a piercing shriek,
Still his mother could find nothing there at all.

One day when in the lane
He acted like insane
Because he saw a tramp come down the road;
He hid behind the hedge
And some persons do allege
That they never saw such fear as he then showed.

One morn when he was good
And going to the wood
To pick a pail of berries for his Ma,

He was scared by a black cow,
I'm sure I don't know how,
But the crows up on the tree tops laughed " Ha!
ha! "

One time his father took
Him fishing to the brook,
And showed him how to jerk the fish to land;
But while he ate his dinner
The plaguey little sinner
Had to run the barbed hook into his hand.

At last he had a dream
And most awfully did scream
'Till he scared his baby brother almost ill;
So his father did him lash
And soundly did him thrash;
This changed him to a brave boy. He's one still.

Whene'er the fashion serve us,
And some friend of ours is nervous,
We are very apt to call him some hard name.
If we knew more about him,
I feel sure we would not flout him,
For in like case, we might act the very same.

THE TEST

A RED rosebud may lie mid autumn leaves,
But the likeness of color no eye deceives.
The maple's red speaks of life that has fled,
And the rosebud of blossoming just ahead.

The pure white of truth, the mixed white of
pretence
Not long keep our judgment in doubt or sus-
pense;
For the one speaks of innocence, honor and pride,
The other of falsehood which none can abide.

Be genuine, honest, nor attempt to deceive,
Be sincere, if you wish your friends to believe.
Men will pardon grave faults if they find you true,
So keep your faith strictly and all will trust you.

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